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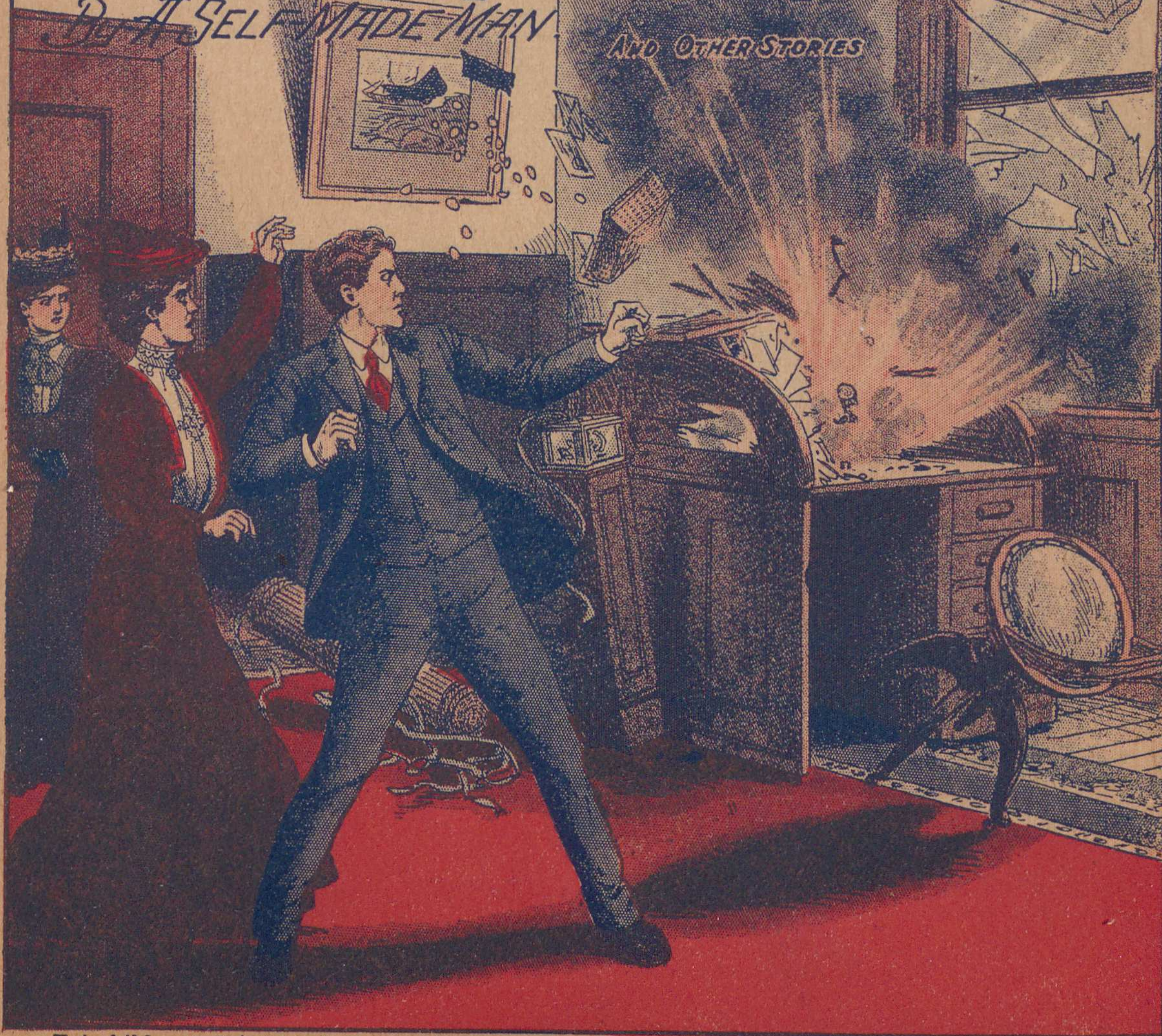
STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

PLAYING THE MARKET;

OR, A KEEN BOY IN WALL STREET.

BE A SELF-MADE MAN

AND OTHER STORIES



Fairchild was doing his best to make a favorable impression on the fair Miss Parsons when, without the slightest warning, a tremendous explosion shook the office and demoralized the

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 9, 1925

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PLAYING THE MARKET

OR, A KEEN BOY IN WALL STREET

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—How King Fairchild Got Hold of His First Tip.

"Going to the bank, King?" asked Mr. Jack Kellogg, stock broker, looking out at the door of his private office.

"Yes, sir," replied his keen-eyed, alert-looking messenger, pausing with his hand on the knob of the outer door.

"Deliver this note after you have made your deposit."

"All right, sir," answered Kingdon Fairchild, returning and taking the envelope from his employer's hand. "Any answer, sir?"

"Possibly."

King, one of the smartest messengers in Wall Street, passed out into the corridor, slipped by the elevator, and ran down the single flight of marble stairs that led to the street. Fairchild had been working in Wall Street for something like three years, and what he didn't know in a general way about the Street is hardly worth remembering. He was well up in Stock Exchange methods, too, for he made it a practice to study the market every day that he had the time to do so, and he could gauge the trend of stocks, one way or the other, with surprising accuracy. He had made perhaps a dozen small deals on his own account during the past year, and generally came out of them with a fair profit to his credit.

Of course he had to use a great deal of caution, for his winnings, being small, he at no time had much of a capital to operate with. He had begun with a ten-dollar bill and now was worth \$1,200. He had really made about \$1,600 all told, but he had to turn some of his winnings in to his mother, as the Fairchild family was a large one, and none of them but himself and his sister Nellie, who was stenographer for an Exchange Place broker, was working, the others still attending school up in Harlem, where they lived.

His father had been dead three years, and until Nellie got to work about ten months since, the family had quite a struggle to make both ends meet. During those two years King had practically been the sole support of the household, and he had nobly responded to the burden thus early placed on his young shoulders. As

soon as he had made his first hundred dollars he began to turn over a small percentage of his winnings to his mother, and this extra money enabled Mrs. Fairchild to keep her next elder boy at school instead of sending him to make a living at his tender age.

So far King, in all his deals, had to depend wholly on his own judgment as to the possibilities of a rise in any stock that attracted his attention, for nothing in the shape of a real tip had come under his notice. That's why he had to be extra cautious, and several times he had missed big profits because he dared not hold on long enough to gather in all the cream. But, all unknown to him, better times were in store for King.

On the afternoon that we introduce him to the reader he passed up Wall Street with his customary rapid pace to the bank where Mr. Kellogg kept his account. It was close on to three o'clock, and he did not have much time to spare. As he had very little cash with him, he carried the bankbook buttoned up in the inside pocket of his jacket. There was quite a line at the bank, trailing away from the receiving teller's window, and he took his place behind the last man. As he slowly drew near the window the porter started to close the outer door so that nobody else could get in. Somebody else did get in, however, at the last moment.

A thin, wiry youth, with a face that had a comical cast even when at rest, slid inside by the skin of his teeth, much to the porter's disgust, for he hadn't meant that the latecomer should pass him. The boy took his place behind King and slapped that young man on the shoulder to attract his attention.

"Hello, that you, Joe?"

"It's me, all right," chuckled Joe Judson, messenger for William Parker, stock broker, whose office was not far from Mr. Kellogg's.

"I might have known it was you without looking."

"How so?"

"Because you never reach the bank till the last trumpet blows. It's a wonder the porter didn't bar you out."

"He tried to, but I was too slick for him."

"Well, what do you know?"

"I know I'm alive, for one thing."

"If you didn't know that you wouldn't be working in Wall Street. You've got to be alive to pass the deadline."

"Is that intended for a joke?" asked Joe, suspiciously.

"Oh, no. How is Miss Yates, your stenographer?"

"Fine as silk. Why don't you drop over some time and see her. She was speaking to me about you to-day."

"Was she? What did she have to say?"

"She said you were one of the best-looking boys she's seen in Wall Street, for one thing; and the most gentlemanly, for another. By the way, I've got something to tell you."

"Well, I'm listening."

"Wait till we get out of this line. I don't want a third person to hear what I've got to say."

"Is it so very particular?"

"Sure it is. I've got a tip on C. & D. stock," he added, whispering into King's ear.

"Have you? How did you get hold of it?" asked Fairchild, with a look of interest.

"I'll tell you all about it when we get outside. It's your turn next and then mine, and I'll bet the teller's mighty glad that I'm the last."

A moment later King stuck his book in at the window and stood waiting for the entry to be made in it. Then he stepped to one side to wait until Judson had been attended to. As soon as the teller made the entry in Joe's book the boys walked out of the bank together.

"Well, what's this tip of yours?" asked King as soon as they were outside.

"The announcement will be made in a few days that C. & D. has taken over the V. & Q. Short Line and thus gained access to the Virginia coal fields. C. & D. stock will, as a consequence, take on a boom that will land it ten or twelve points above its present ruling figure. You have told me that you have a little money that you've made in the market. Now just you plank every cent of it down on C. & D. on the usual margin, and I'll guarantee you'll stand to win \$10 a share inside of ten days."

"It sounds good, Joe; but as I can't afford to take any chances, I'd like to know just how you got hold of this bit of inside information about C. & D., and how reliable it is."

"My boss, Mr. Parker, is a director of the road. He was elected at the last annual meeting. While I was in his private office this morning, getting a letter out of the box files, another director of the road came in and they got talking about the prospects of the company. They did not seem to notice my presence, or, at any rate, to pay any attention to me, so I heard all about the purchase of the V. & Q. Short Line, and the effect it was expected to have on the market as soon as the news was officially published. Mr. Parker got an order from the other director to purchase 10,000 shares of C. & D. for his account. My boss told his visitor that he was already loaded up to the neck with C. & D., which he had secured outside of the Exchange at a fraction above the market rates, which today is 57. This is the chance of your life, King, to make a haul on a sure thing. After you've cashed in, I want you to show your gratitude by handing me \$100. If you have money enough to get 100 shares you ought easily to clear \$1,000."

"I'm much obliged to you, Joe, for the tip and I'll think it over. If I go in and make something out of it I'll give you the \$100 gladly. A tip that's worth anything at all ought to be worth \$100."

"Well, don't waste any time over it, for the Street may get an inkling of what is going to happen and the stock is liable to advance several points on the strength of it."

"If I see you to-morrow, Joe, I'll let you know if I've decided to go in on this thing. So long, I must leave you. I've a note to deliver at the Vanderpool Building before I go back to the office."

The boys separated. King had to wait for an answer, and while sitting in the broker's reception room he carefully considered the advisability of making a plunge on C. & D. He had a great deal of confidence in Joe Judson.

The result of his deliberations was that he decided to take the risk. He had money enough to copper 200 shares, and if his friend's pointer panned out anything like what he claimed for it, King saw \$2,000 coming his way, and that amount of money would be a welcome addition to his little capital. So on his way home he went to the small bank in Nassau street, through which he had worked all his other deals, and ordered the margin clerk to buy 200 shares of C. & D. for his account in the morning at the market. Then he went home, with his brain filled with bright anticipations of what he hoped the immediate future would do for him.

CHAPTER II.—In Which Fairchild Proves He Is A Lad of Pluck.

A few days before there had been a kind of panic at the Exchange over a western railroad stock which was being boomed by a clique of operators, but which went to pieces when half a dozen brokers, headed by Jack Kellogg, King's employer, dumped several big blocks of shares on the market, one after the other. The combination was hard hit, losing more than a million in the aggregate. One of the members, a broker named Jabez Dolman, was said to be ruined. At any rate, he wasn't able to settle with Kellogg, to whom he owed a considerable sum of money, and he called on his creditor on the morning after King's investment in C. & D. stock, to get a further extension of time. He looked ugly and haggard when he entered the reception-room and told the boy that he wanted to see Mr. Kellogg.

"He's engaged at present," replied King. "Please take a seat."

Jabez Dolman sat down, but he was restless and ill at ease. Finally he got up and walked to one of the windows overlooking Wall Street. Here he stood and muttered to himself in a way that attracted the messenger's attention.

"He seems to be off his base this morning," said King to himself, furtively regarding the nervous broker over the top of a financial paper he had been reading. "I wonder what's the matter with him?"

Dolman stood with his profile turned toward the boy, and while King was watching him he put his hand in his hip-pocket to get his handkerchief. Then it was that the messenger saw

the butt of a revolver sticking about an inch out of the pocket.

"Gracious!" exclaimed King. "He goes around heeled, I see. If a policeman saw that concealed gun it might cost Mr. Dolman a ten-dollar fine and the loss of his weapon. Brokers generally keep their revolvers in their office desks as protection against some crazy crank that might secure an interview. Blessed if Mr. Dolman doesn't look crazy enough this morning to be mistaken for a crank. I'll have to tip the boss off when I go in to announce him."

A few minutes later Mr. Kellogg came to the door of his private office with the gentleman who had been closeted with him, and bade him good-by. Mr. Dolman turned abruptly from the window and advanced toward him.

"I want to see you a few minutes, Kellogg," he said, almost roughly.

"All right," replied the broker. "Walk inside."

The door closed behind them. Presently the boy heard the visitor talking in very loud and seemingly angry tones.

"I wonder if his grouch has any reference to the boss," thought King, as he looked at the door.

At that moment he heard unmistakable sounds of a struggle, and a heavy body came against the door with force enough to shake it almost off its hinges. King sprang to his feet. He started for the door. More sounds indicative of a struggle between the two men came to his ears. He heard the pivot desk chair go down on the floor with a bang. Then a dull thud shook the floor as if the men had fallen together.

"Matters look serious in there," said King, laying his hand on the knob and opening the door.

Before his eyes took in the situation he heard Mr. Kellogg exclaim, in a stifled tone:

"My heavens, man, don't shoot!"

That was enough for the boy. He flung the door wide open and dashed inside. Jabez Dolman had Mr. Kellogg down on the floor, holding him with one hand by the throat, while he pointed his revolver, with the other, directly at the broker's temple.

"Swear to give me all the time I want," he hissed. "Swear to let me off half that I owe you, or, by thunder, I'll kill you as I would a rat!"

King was a plucky youth and he didn't waste a moment in going to the assistance of his employer. In the excitement of the moment he didn't consider the risk he was facing himself. He threw himself on Jabez Dolman, grabbed the wrist of the hand that held the revolver and yanked it up. This action caused Dolman, whose finger was playing with the trigger, for he was desperately in earnest, to discharge the weapon. A crash of splintered glass, as the ball bored its flight through the window, mingled with the loud report. Everybody in the office was startled by the shot.

In the meanwhile, King Fairchild had his hands full. Jabez Dolman was furious over the boy's interference, and being, moreover, a powerful man, the lad soon discovered that he had tackled a serious job. Dolman, finding that it was necessary to shake the boy off, swung around on him like an enraged tiger. King gripped him all the tighter and tried to hold on. While they swayed together in fierce contest for the mas-

tery, Mr. Kellogg endeavored to free his limbs from their weight, for they were struggling almost on top of him.

Before he had quite succeeded in doing so, his cashier, Mr. Gibson, appeared at the door of the private office, closely followed by the clerks from the counting-room. Several outsiders, having located the scent of the disturbance, joined them from the corridor, and a crowd soon began to collect in the room. At this terrible crisis in affairs the cashier leaped forward and took a hand in the fracas. The first thing he did was to wrench the revolver from Dolman's grasp. Throwing it on the desk, out of his reach, he added his efforts to the boy's to secure the furious broker. Mr. Kellogg now managed to rise and he immediately grabbed Dolman's other arm. One of the junior clerks deemed it to be his duty to rush to the telephone booth and call up the police station.

The outer office was now all excitement, and the spectators were momentarily growing in numbers. Somebody ran to the elevator and told the man in charge of a descending cage to notify the superintendent of the building that there was a murder going on in Mr. Kellogg's office. The superintendent also tried to get the nearest police station on the wire, and finding that the line was busy he ran upstairs to the second floor and followed the crowd in the Kellogg offices. He pushed his way through the mob to the private office, expecting to see a dead or wounded man on the floor, but arrived in time to observe the final struggle that ended in the subjugation of Jabez Dolman. The visiting broker glared at Jack Kellogg with especial vindictiveness.

"I'll do you yet," he gritted. "You haven't seen the last of this thing. I mean to kill you on sight, if I swing for it!"

"Don't talk nonsense, Dolman. You're not in your right mind or you wouldn't talk this way. You've put yourself in a pretty bad hole as it is."

A policeman appeared at this point, and Mr. Kellogg requested him to put Jabez Dolman under arrest. A second officer followed the first. Between them they handcuffed the broker, led him downstairs to the patrol wagon and carried him to the station, after telling Mr. Kellogg to follow and make the charge.

CHAPTER III.—King Receives A Token of His Employer's Gratitude.

It was some little time after the office was cleared of the curious crowd before things quieted down, and the employees got to work again.

King went in to see Sylvia Parsons, the stenographer, who had been badly frightened by the trouble in the office. One of the clerks had given her a lurid account of the affair and she almost had a fit. She was in an entirely unfit condition to resume her work when King came up to her desk, looking badly ruffled.

"Oh, King, you were not hurt, were you?" she cried anxiously as she grasped his hand in her trembling ones. "You look as if——"

"I'd been in a scrap, eh?" he interrupted her with a laugh. "No, I'm all right, Silvie. The boss, however, had a narrow squeak for his life."

"So Mr. Edwards was telling me. He said that Broker Dolman tried to shoot him."

"It looked as if he meant to when I rushed into the office on hearing the noise he and Mr. Kellogg made while struggling. He had the boss down on the floor with his gun at Mr. K's head. I pulled his arm up and the revolver went off. The bullet went through the window."

"Did they take the man to prison?"

"They carried him to the station in a patrol wagon. They had to handcuff him, he was in such a desperate frame of mind. They'll take him to the Tombs this afternoon, I guess, and to-morrow morning he'll be examined in the Police Court."

"I feel sorry for his wife and family."

"A man never seems to consider his family when he goes on the warpath."

They talked a while longer over the matter, during which Miss Parsons gradually recovered her composure. The fact of the matter was she had been much worked up on Fairchild's account, for she had a strong regard for the young messenger, their relations being very friendly and confidential. King was a boy who took well with the girls, not only because he was good-looking, but because his manner was engaging, and his nature sympathetic. He talked to Sylvia as he would to his sister, confided to her all his aspirations for the future, and told her about all his stock operations. She knew how hard he had struggled to support his mother and brothers and sisters during his first two years' service at the office, and she thought very highly of him for the many sacrifices he had been called upon to make. So when his little bank account began to grow with each speculation, she found herself taking a great interest in his success.

"I have something to tell you, Sylvia," he said, changing the topic.

"What is it?"

"I've just gone into a new speculative venture."

"Really? What stock is it this time?"

"C. & D. I've got a tip on the situation, which indicates a coming boom of several points. I believe I've got hold of a sure thing at last. At any rate, I've been rash enough to invest nearly every dollar of my capital in the shares."

"Oh, King! Are you sure you've done right in taking such a risk?" she asked, with some concern.

"If I hadn't thought I was right I shouldn't have gone ahead. It's the first time I ever got hold of a tip that really looked to be worth anything."

"But are you sure it is a good one?"

"I see no reason to doubt its worth. I got it through my friend, Joe Judson. He accidentally learned facts about C. & D. of great importance, and not being able to turn them to his own account he put me wise to them, for which I mean to give him \$100 after the deal is over."

"You seem to have great confidence in him."

"I have. He's all right. This isn't the first good turn he's done me, though it's the first pointer he's ever given me."

"I hope you'll come out all right. I should feel very sorry to hear that you had made a mistake and lost your money, after all the effort you've made to accumulate your little capital."

"I hope to make \$2,000 by this deal."

"As much as that?" she said, in some surprise.

"Yes, as much as that. I've coppered 200 shares, and an advance of ten points will give me almost that profit."

"Dear me, I shall be on pins and needles until I hear how you come out."

"Don't worry," replied King, laughingly, "I'll come out all right."

At that moment the cashier came over and told him that Mr. Kellogg was back from the station and wanted to see him in his private room, so the boy went in to see what he wanted.

"Sit down, King," said the broker. "I want to thank you for getting me out of a pretty tight hole. I honestly believe that you saved my life, for if ever there was murder in a man's eyes, it was in Dolman's when he had me down on the floor here, with the muzzle of his revolver pressed against my temple."

"Well, sir, I am glad I was of service to you when you needed it. It certainly was my duty to save you from being maltreated by your crazy visitor."

"But it isn't every boy who has the nerve to act as promptly and as resolutely as you did in such an emergency. You exercised great presence of mind. I hope you will let me testify my appreciation of your conduct in some substantial way."

"I don't ask to be rewarded, sir."

"No matter. To begin with, I am going to raise your wages at once to \$10."

"Well, sir, I won't refuse that. I shall try to earn it."

"I am perfectly satisfied that you will earn it. Then I'd like to give you \$1,000 as a little nest-egg for the future."

"I don't want to be paid——" began King.

"I am not paying you a cent. I am giving you a slight token of my gratitude. I shan't feel satisfied unless you accept it."

"Very well, sir. If you insist I oughtn't to refuse, I suppose."

Mr. Kellogg produced his check-book, filled in one of the slips and signed it.

"There," he said. "The cashier of the Manhattan National knows you, and will put the check through for you. You can then take the money to a savings bank and deposit it."

"Thank you, sir," replied King, taking it.

"I can spare you long enough to go and draw the money, or if you prefer you can get it when you make my daily deposit later on."

"I think that will do as well," answered the boy.

The broker then turned to his desk and King returned to his chair in the waiting-room.

Before sitting down, however, he took a look at the tape and noticed that C. & D. had gone up a point.

"That puts me \$200 to the good already," he said, complacently. "Nine more points will add another cipher to that figure, and then I shall begin to consider myself something of a capitalist."

That afternoon when he cashed his check he went directly to the little bank on Nassau Street and bought another hundred shares of C. & D. at 58.

CHAPTER IV.—King's Successful Deal
in C. & D.

Of course, the story of the trouble in Broker Kellogg's office was printed in all of the afternoon papers; but long before that the news had spread through Wall Street, and was the principal topic of conversation in the Exchange. Somebody connected with the office where Nellie Fairchild worked read the account, and knowing that the girl's brother worked for Mr. Kellogg, showed the paper to her. Nellie was very much disturbed and excited over the narrative, and wanted to go around to Mr. Kellogg's office to see whether or not her brother had been hurt. The cashier suggested that a quicker way for her to find out would be to telephone to Kellogg's office. She did that at once and was answered by Sylvia Parsons, who told her that her brother was out at the moment, and assured her that King had not suffered in the least.

"I'm so glad to hear that," replied Nellie. "Are you Miss Parsons?"

"Yes," replied Sylvia.

"King has often spoken to me about you," said Nellie. "In fact, he is never tired of telling mother and I what a nice girl you are."

"I'm sure I feel highly flattered by such an expression of his good opinion of me," laughed Sylvia.

"I have such confidence in my brother's statements that I am sure you must be every bit as nice as he says you are," went on Nellie, sweetly.

"You are very kind to say so, Miss Fairchild," replied Sylvia. "I hope I shall have the pleasure of making your acquaintance soon."

"I shall be very glad to know you, too," answered Nellie. "King has asked me to come over and let him introduce me to you, but somehow I never availed myself of the chance."

"Then you must do so as soon as possible. King is one of the nicest boys I know, and, of course, his sister must be very like him."

"You really mustn't begin throwing compliments at me until you have seen me, for you might be disappointed."

"I don't think so. You seem to have a sweet voice, if the phone is to be relied on, and I——"

Here Sylvia was interrupted by King himself, who came to tell her that Mr. Kellogg wanted to see her.

"I was just talking to your sister on the wire. She phoned to know if you had been hurt. Take my place and talk to her yourself."

"Is that you, sis?" asked King.

"Yes. I just saw the story in the paper about the trouble in your office. Your name is mentioned as one of the principal participants, and I was afraid that you might have been injured in some way, though the paper did not say that anybody was hurt."

"I'm all right, Nellie, so don't worry about me. I'll tell you all about the affair tonight. Yes, Miss Parsons is a very nice girl. Haven't I told you so a hundred times? Will I introduce you? Why, of course I will. I've been wanting to make you two acquainted ever so long, but you hung back. Come over tomorrow at about lunch-time if you

can, and if I'm in I'll introduce you. You'll fall in love with her at once. Don't be foolish. Good-by."

King hung up the receiver and returned to the reception-room. He had hardly taken his seat before Joe Judson bounced in.

"Hello!" said Joe. "You been having the deuce of a time here today, according to what I've heard. What was the trouble about?"

"It's in the afternoon papers," replied Fairchild.

"Is it? Well, suppose you tell me, as I haven't seen a paper yet."

King obligingly gave him all the particulars.

"Gee whiz! What a nerve you've got. It's a wonder Dolman didn't shoot you. You know it's the fellow who butts in that always gets it in the neck."

"I'm glad to say, then, that I missed what, according to your idea, was coming to me. It was a pretty tough mix-up while it lasted."

"It must have been. Well, I'll see you later. I haven't any more time now."

Joe hustled out of the office and King took up a paper. When he got home that afternoon he found his mother anxiously looking for him. A neighbor, who had read about the racket in Mr. Kellogg's office, had made it her business to drop in at the Fairchild flat and tell the news to Mrs. Fairchild. Although nothing had been printed about anybody having been hurt in the scrape, the little mother was, nevertheless, somewhat worried about her big son. It was a great relief to her when he came in looking none the worse, and she was eager to learn all the facts. King had a paper in his pocket and he first read the story as the reporter made it out. Then he corrected the writer's errors, and added such particulars as did not appear in the printed account. Next morning Mr. Kellogg, King and the cashier were notified to appear at the Tombs court at ten o'clock. After some minor cases had been disposed of Jabez Dolman was called to the bar to answer the charge of assault with intent to kill. He pleaded not guilty and was represented by a well-known lawyer. After the witnesses had testified he made a statement on his own behalf. The magistrate ruled that it was a case for the grand jury, and remanded the broker, fixing his bail at a good-sized sum. The bail was subsequently furnished and he was released until wanted. When King returned to the office he found to his satisfaction that C. & D. had gone up another point, owing to the fact that a rumor was circulating around the Street about the absorption of the stock of the V. & Q. Short Line. Before the Exchange closed there developed some demand for C. & D. shares, and the stock finally closed at 59 5-8. Next morning the financial papers and the daily press printed paragraphs on the subject of the acquisition of the short line by the C. & D., though the news was not announced as official. All this produced an extra liveliness around the C. & D. standard when the Exchange opened, and a number of brokers began bidding for the shares. They appeared to be scarce and by noon the price went to 62. While King was watching the ticker, about half-past twelve, his sister walked into the reception-room.

"So you've managed to get here at last, have you, sis?" he said. "I thought you were going

to disappoint us again. You know, Miss Parsons looked for you yesterday, and you didn't show up."

"I told you last night why I couldn't," replied his sister.

"So you did. However, now that you actually have come I'll take you right in and introduce you."

He led the way to the office stenographer's desk.

"This is my sister, Miss Parsons. Nellie, this is Sylvia."

The girls smiled and shook hands. King pushed an extra chair forward for his sister to sit down. The girls took to each other at once and were soon like old friends. King remained only a moment, for Mr. Kellogg's bell summoned him into the private office, and he found he had to carry a message to the Astor Building. When he returned his sister had gone back to her own office.

"I like your sister ever so much," said Sylvia, beamingly.

"I knew you would," replied the young messenger. "She's the best girl in the world. I know only one like her, and that is——"

"Who?" asked Sylvia, as King paused.

"Yourself."

"Dear me! I feel real flattered," she replied with a blush.

"I'm not flattering you—only telling the exact truth."

Miss Parsons made no reply, but bent over the typewriter on pretence that something about the machine needed her attention at that moment.

"By the way," continued the boy, "C. & D. is up to 63 on the tape, an advance of six points, and the news that the road has gobbled up the V. & Q. Short Line hasn't as yet been confirmed. When it is, I'll bet it will go to 70."

"I sincerely hope it will, King, for your sake," said Sylvia, in a tone that showed she meant it.

The news was confirmed in all the papers next day and a rush of buying orders sent C. & D. to 70 by one o'clock. King, as soon as he saw the quotation on the tape, began to think about selling his shares at once. He found no chance to go to the bank until after the Exchange had closed for the day. C. & D. was strong at 72 3-8. King ordered his holdings to be disposed of at the market in the morning. This was done at 72 5-8, and when he got his statement on the day after he found he had made \$3,000 on his 200 shares and \$1,400 on his 100 lot. He had come out fifty per cent better than he originally expected, and was as happy as a bird over his good luck. He was now worth \$6,600, one hundred of which he handed over to Joe Judson that afternoon, and \$500 he took home and presented to his surprised and very much delighted mother, who declared that it was as good as an unexpected legacy.

CHAPTER V.—King Is Approached by an Emissary of Dolman's.

For the next few weeks nothing out of the usual run happened to King Fairchild, who ran errands for Mr. Kellogg and studied the stock market on his own account in much the same way he had been doing for the year past. Sylvia Parsons and Nellie Fairchild cultivated each other's ac-

quaintance since their introduction and became the warmest of friends, much to King's satisfaction. When Mr. Kellogg, his messenger and the cashier were summoned before the grand jury to furnish evidence on which an indictment could be returned against Jabez Dolman, considerable pressure was brought to bear on the former to induce him to make his testimony as favorable as possible for Dolman. Mr. Kellogg, while willing to give the accused the benefit of every doubt, refused to let up on him altogether. Fairchild's testimony was plain, straightforward and to the point, and Gibson, the cashier, made no bones about telling the exact facts as he knew them. The result was that the grand jury returned an indictment against Dolman, and the documents in the case were sent to the District Attorney's office. In the meantime Dolman had been suspended by the Exchange and had gone on the curb. His friends helped him along, and there was a fair chance of his getting on his feet, for Mr. Kellogg had agreed to accept a settlement on receipt of four endorsed notes covering in all the period of one year. One day, as the time drew near for the trial of Dolman, King was stopped on the street by a strange man.

"When can I have a confidential talk with you, young man?" he asked.

"A confidential talk with me!" exclaimed the surprised boy. "I don't know what you mean. Who are you? I never saw you before in my life."

"My name is Burns; but that is a matter of no consequence. I wish to have a talk with you in reference to the approaching trial of Mr. Dolman, the broker, accused of murderous assault on your employer, Jack Kellogg."

"I don't see why I should have any talk with you on that subject," replied King, coolly.

"It will be to your interest to do so," answered the man.

"In what way?"

"I have a proposition to make to you."

"Did Mr. Dolman send you to bribe me not to appear as a witness at his trial?"

"Bribe is an ugly word to use, Fairchild. I have come to talk to you under instructions of Mr. Dolman's friends who have interested themselves in his behalf. They expect to show that the broker was acting under a temporary aberration of the mind, a kind of emotional insanity, brought about by his sudden business losses. Mr. Kellogg has been seen, and shows a willingness to strain a point in favor of his brother trader. Now, your evidence is rather damaging, and if you persist in swearing in court to the same line of testimony you offered before the grand jury it will only tend to complicate matters, and make it harder for Dolman's lawyers to convince the judge and jury that their client is guiltless of any real animosity toward Mr. Kellogg."

"Do you mean to say that you expect to prove by expert testimony that Mr. Dolman was crazy at the time of the assault?"

"We hope to."

"Then he ought to be sent to an asylum, for he is dangerous."

"He is perfectly sane now, and was up to the morning of the trouble in Kellogg's office."

"Oh, he is?" replied King, sarcastically.

"He certainly is."

"Admitting for the sake of argument that what you say is correct, isn't it a fact that the next time he meets with a financial reverse he may act in the same irresponsible fashion, and perhaps commit actual murder?"

"Not at all," replied the stranger, glibly. "The cause that led to Dolman's outbreak was exceptional, and not likely to happen again to him; or even if it did it does not follow that his mind will again be overbalanced."

"I don't quite see the force of your argument," replied King. I can see, however, what you are trying to get at. You want me to change my testimony at the trial, or at least so modify it that Mr. Dolman's murderous attack on Mr. Kellogg, and incidentally on myself, when I interfered, may be made as light as possible."

"That's about the idea."

"Don't you know that my testimony before the grand jury will be under the eyes of the District Attorney, or his assistant, and that if I vary my evidence in the witness-chair I will be asked for an explanation?"

"That's easily gotten over. You can state that after due reflection you have since become convinced that you were biased in your first judgment of the assault."

"And don't you think that will lead to a suspicion that I have been tampered with by agents for the prisoner?"

"Suspicion is not proof."

"At any rate, the prosecution would handle me without gloves."

"We are willing to make it worth your while to stand a little brow-beating from the public prosecutor. I have been instructed to offer you \$1,000, to be paid \$500 down and \$500 after the trial. You couldn't earn money easier."

"And what about my conscience?"

"The knowledge that you have saved a fellow-being from the disgrace of a term in State prison ought to satisfy any scruples you might have in the matter."

"I don't see it in that light. My mother has always told me to tell the truth under all circumstances, and I mean to stick to that principle as long as I live. An honest, straightforward statement may be attacked, but it cannot be upset; while a single lie made to conceal something breeds others to defend and justify the first, and is liable to involve a person in no end of difficulty. That is the only answer I can give to your proposal."

The stranger received his words with a look of disappointment and annoyance.

"Look here, Fairchild, you are young and untrained yet in the world and its way. You will find out as you grow older that the exact truth is not always to be spoken. Too much frankness leads to as much trouble as too many lies. The guiding principle in this world is police—make no mistake about that. The wise man is he who is governed by circumstances. There are a lot of things that happen every day under a person's observation that it is better for him to pretend not to see. Why is it that a robbery, or even worse, has often been committed in broad daylight, in the presence of many people, and yet the perpetrators have got off untouched? It is because

people do not like to butt in. They have discovered that it does not pay to do so. Suppose the guilty party is afterwards caught by the police, do these people come forward and offer themselves as witnesses to insure his conviction? Not a bit of it. Very well. In your case you did quite right to interfere, because it was your employer who was assaulted. You have no strong personal reason for wanting to send Dolman up the river. Therefore it is policy for you to hold off. And policy, mind you, is self-interest every time. I hope I have made it clear to you."

"You have. Policy is all right in its way. But I'm not going to queer myself in court and get into all kinds of trouble, merely to save Mr. Dolman's character at the expense of my own. That would be very poor policy."

"You are a foolish and obstinate boy," replied the stranger, angrily.

"I hope not. I mean to try to do the right thing as I understand it."

"The right thing in this case is to strain a point in the interest of a man who has been placed in a bad hole by circumstances."

"I am not responsible for Mr. Dolman's actions. A man may commit murder under the influence of liquor, but that fact does not excuse him, nor will it keep him from the electric chair."

"Then you refuse to modify your testimony in court?"

"I shall tell the truth."

"You are a fool."

"Thank you. You are a—gentleman."

The stranger glared a moment at King, then turned on his heel and walked away. The boy looked after him and then went on about his business.

CHAPTER VI.—In Which Joe Judson Sticks To His Friend.

When King found an opportunity that day he told Mr. Kellogg about the interview he had with an emissary of Mr. Dolman's.

"You acted quite right, King, in refusing to fall in with his views. You cannot go back on your sworn testimony before the grand jury without getting yourself into a peck of trouble. Neither you, nor I, nor Mr. Gibson, can go back on the facts of the case. We have nothing to do with the plea of emotional insanity which will probably be Dolman's defence. It is up to the public prosecutor to combat that. For my part I don't believe Dolman was any more insane than you and I are at this moment, except perhaps with rage. He wanted to get out of paying more than half of his indebtedness to me, and when I refused to settle on such terms he turned on me like a wild animal. The fact that he carried a revolver in his pocket is a bad point against him, and will work greatly to his disadvantage at the trial. He knows that and is making a desperate effort to squelch the testimony against him. If he has to depend altogether on his plea of insanity it is possible a commission may be appointed to examine into his mental condition, and if he escapes a prison he is liable to be sent to an asylum or sanitarium for a time at least. Such things are done even when a person is admittedly sane, if the expert testimony brought to save him from the consequences

of his guilt create a reasonable doubt as to his general mental accountability."

King also told Sylvia about the man who had approached him in the interest of Broker Dolman. She, too, agreed that he had done the right thing to have nothing to do with the other side of the case. His mother and sister likewise held the same view when he told his story at the supper table.

"You will have nothing to accuse yourself with afterward if you simply tell the truth, my son," said Mrs. Fairchild. "The man's innocence or guilt will be decided by the jury."

Saturday evening Joe Judson called on King and asked him to go to the New Star Theatre to see a sensational melodrama. Fairchild agreed to go and told his mother where he was bound.

They were gone perhaps half an hour when there was a ring at the flat bell. A man, with a thick muffler about his throat and his hat pulled well down over his forehead, came upstairs and asked for King.

"He is not in," said Mrs. Fairchild. "He went to the theatre with a friend."

"What theatre, madam?"

"The New Star, on Lexington avenue."

"Thank you, madam," replied the visitor, turning to go downstairs.

"Who shall I tell him called?" asked the little mother.

"It doesn't matter. I may call to-morrow evening," was the hurried reply.

Mrs. Fairchild went to the window to see if her daughter Nellie, who was out, was coming up the street, and she noticed a cab drawn up in front of the door below. A moment later a man, who looked like the one who had been inquiring for King, came out of the flat and jumped up beside the driver. The vehicle then drove off downtown.

At eleven o'clock the show was over at the New Star Theatre, and King and Joe started for their homes. They intended to take a north-bound Lexington Avenue car, but the first one standing in front of the theatre was already crowded to capacity, so they started down the avenue to board the next one before it got as far as the theatre. When half-way down the next block they saw it approaching, three blocks away, so they kept on to the corner. They casually noticed that a cab was keeping pace with them along the avenue.

Two men who had not come out of the theatre were walking close behind them. As they started to cross the street at the next crossing the cab stopped right in their path. As they digressed to pass around the vehicle the two men in question suddenly seized them both with a strangle hold and choked them into a dazed condition. The darkness of the avenue favored their plans and no one appeared to the assistance of the boys. Judson was dragged to the sidewalk and thrown down near the curb while King was forced into the cab, both men following.

As soon as the door slammed shut the driver whipped up his horses. Joe, being a tougher subject than King to overcome by the strangle grip on account of his bull neck, recovered his full senses almost as soon as the man had dropped him. He sat up and saw his friends pushed into the cab. He sprang forward to help King

just as the vehicle started off. The hind wheel brushed against his leg as the cab half turned to go down the cross street toward the East River. There were two projecting springs on the rear axle. On the spur of the moment Joe laid his hands on them and swung himself half under the vehicle as it dashed off.

It was an exceedingly ticklish manner of stealing a ride, but Joe was taking the risk in the interest of Fairchild, and if there was one thing to be admired about William Parker's messenger it was his loyalty to a friend. Joe was treated to an awful jolting as the cab swept down the street in the direction of the river. He clung on with a bulldog tenacity, for he was going to save King if he could. He supposed that the rascals who had assaulted them were going through his companion in the vehicle, and that they would probably drop him somewhere down the street.

It did not immediately occur to Joe that if such was their object it was singular that they had not also carried him off for the same purpose. However, the cab didn't stop until the river was reached. It swung around and paused close to a small wharf. The door opened and one of the men got out, as Joe recovered his feet and crouched down under the cab. The other man passed King, who was quite unconscious, out to his companion.

Then both of them carried Fairchild on to the wharf and laid him close to a stringer, after which they returned to talk to the driver. While the attention of the three were engaged on one side of the vehicle, Joe slipped around the other, and, taking advantage of the intense darkness, ran behind a spile head. He saw a flight of steps leading down to the water, close by, and he wondered if the men were going on the river with their victim.

"I can't understand this thing at all," he muttered to himself. "Why should they bring King down here? If they merely intended to rob him they could have done that in the cab and then dumped him out on the sidewalk. It is clear that they have some other end in view. What can it be? I don't like the looks of the affair at all."

At that moment the cab drove off and the two men came back to the spot where they had left Fairchild.

"Go down and see if the boat is where I left it," said one.

His companion obeyed and announced, from the darkness, that it was there.

"Well, come up and help me carry the boy down."

"You are sure we shall find the wagon ready on the other side?" said the man when he came up.

"There isn't any doubt about it. Our arrangements have all been carefully made. We'll find it in a shed not far from the wharf, in charge of a half-witted lad who lives over a saloon near by."

"We're very liable to miss our way across in the gloom. The night is pitch dark."

"We shall have the lantern at the end of the ferry-house to guide us. The wharf we are aiming for is the second one this side of the ferry."

"It's quite a pull across for us, who are not expert boatmen."

"Oh, it won't take long. Come on. Grab him by the heels and I'll take him by the shoulders."

In that way they carried the senseless King down the steps to the boat, and Joe presently heard them push off. He had heard all their conversation, but there was nothing in it to explain their purpose in carrying his friend off. Joe noted one thing, and that was that the two men did not seem to be a type of ruffians, but rather persons of some apparent respectability. Joe being now aware of the place where they intended to land on the other side, began to figure on how he should cross the river himself. At that moment he saw a ferryboat coming into her slip a block above.

That suggested the way he could get over, but whether he would be able to reach the second wharf below the ferry landing on the Long Island side of the river before the men in the boat did was a question he couldn't answer. At any rate, he would do his best to head them off, and that was all he could do. So he hastened to the ferry slip, boarded the boat and was soon on his way across the East River.

CHAPTER VII.—In Which Joe Judson Takes A Free Ride.

When the ferryboat reached her slip on the other side Joe hurried ashore and walked down the water front to the second wharf below the ferry slip. This he easily located, in spite of the darkness. Then he looked around for the shed where the horse and wagon alluded to by one of King's abductors was supposed to be. Facing the wharf was a cross street, and Joe walked up in the middle of the way looking for the shed in question. He couldn't see anything that in the slightest degree resembled a shed.

He noticed a small vacant lot, however, and he wondered if the shed was anywhere in that. Entering the lot he felt his way forward in the gloom, and at length saw a low building right before him.

"I wonder if that's the shed?" he asked himself.

He walked up to the wide doorway, which was open, and then he noticed an object crouching at one corner. It sprang to its feet and began to chuckle in a weird kind of way, and for the moment Joe was quite startled and stepped back. Then he recollected that the man had told his companion that the team was in charge of a half-witted boy, who lived over a saloon close by. This must be the boy to whom he had referred. Such being the case, the team they were going to use was inside the shed.

Joe thought he'd make sure, so he stepped inside the door, lit a match and looked the place over. The boy did not interfere, though he kept his eyes on Judson, and never ceased chuckling to himself, as if he was very much amused at something. There was a strong-looking mare, harnessed to a light farm wagon, in the shed. In the wagon were two barrels that looked to be empty, and a couple of folded blankets. At the rear of the shed was an open window. Joe, thoroughly satisfied that the two men intended to carry King off; somewhere in this wagon, decided what he would do, trusting to luck for the success of his plan.

His idea was to crawl into one of the barrels

and allow himself to be carried off with King. As the half-witted boy never took his eyes off him, he could do nothing as matters stood. If he made any attempt to get into one of the barrels he was sure that the boy would either stop him or call the attention of the men when they arrived to the fact that he was in the barrel. The open window at the back, however, suggested how he might be able to enter the shed again, unobserved by the boy. To give the half-witted watcher the impression that he was going away, he walked up to him, held out his hand, and when the boy, with a chuckle, took it, he shook it and then walked off into the darkness toward the street.

He only went half-way up the lot. Then he crossed to the side and crept down toward the corner of the shed. At that moment he thought he heard the sound of voices in the direction of the street.

"I haven't a moment to lose if those are the two men with King," he said.

He passed quickly around the end of the shed to the back. The window was close at hand. With very little noise he succeeded in crawling through it into the shed. He felt his way to the wagon, mounted one of the wheels, found, by moving them, that both barrels were empty, and then got into one just as the two men appeared at the door, bearing the unconscious form of King between them.

They laid him upon the floor till one of them took a lantern out of the wagon and lighted it. Then he climbed in, placed the lantern on the driver's seat, and began to spread the blankets out on the bottom of the wagon. As soon as he had done that to his satisfaction, he called to his companion.

"Lift the boy up here, Burns, and then we'll be off."

King was deposited on the blankets and covered up, then the lantern was blown out, the men took possession of the seat, and one of them, seizing the reins, drove the team out of the shed, into the lot, thence to the street, and up the street at a smart pace. The team passed from street to street, the houses growing more and more scattered until a country road was reached, and along this they rattled at a fast clip. The driver and his companion talked constantly, and Joe Judson, with his head out of the barrel, listened to their conversation. He soon learned enough to throw a light on what had seemed to him a great mystery.

These two men, acting in the interests of Jabez Dolman, the broker who was on the eve of his trial for assault on Mr. Jack Kellogg, were removing King Fairchild from New York so that he should not appear in court to give damaging testimony against the accused broker. He was to be held a prisoner for an indefinite time on a certain farm in the vicinity of the town of Babylon. A scheme was also under way to secure the silence of Broker Kellogg.

It was along toward three in the morning when the wagon finally turned into a lane that led up to a farmyard, and stopped close to a barn. Joe's first idea was to get out of the barrel and leave the wagon in the lane, but he was afraid that such action would attract the notice of the men on the seat. So he bobbed down and kept very quiet. The men removed the still uncon-

scious form of King from the blankets, and walked off with him. Joe watched them carry him into the barn, and as soon as they had disappeared with their burden he got out of his cramped quarters.

"Gee! I'm glad to get a chance to stretch my limbs. I never was so cramped up in my life before. However, it is in a good cause, so I don't care. I wonder whereabouts in the barn they are putting him?"

At that moment he saw the gleam from the lantern they carried flashing through a crack in one of the shutters of the loft of the barn.

"Ho! They've got him up there, eh? Well, then, I'll just sneak inside, below, and hide myself somewhere. After they've turned in for the rest of the night I'll see if I can't get King out of his hole."

Accordingly, Joe made a break for the door of the barn, which stood invitingly open, and entered the place. There were plows and other agricultural implements ranged about, and three stalls for horses, two of which were occupied. There was also a pile of loose hay under an open trap, and into this the boy crawled. At the opposite side of the building a rough stairway led to the loft. After a little while Joe heard the two men come down the stairs and go outside. Presently one of them led the mare inside and placed her in the vacant stall. After that the big door was closed and secured by a padlock on the outside.

"I'm safe here for a few hours, at any rate," Joe said to himself, emerging from the hay. "I'll go upstairs and see what they've done with King."

He had seen the man who brought in the mare hang the lantern, after he had extinguished it, on a nail in one of the posts. Striking a match, he took down the lantern, lit it and started up the stairs for the loft. He was careful to shade the light with his jacket lest its gleam, shining through one of the cracks in the shutters, might be seen from without and noticed by the men from the house.

Joe inspected a good part of the loft before he located his friend. King was lying on a rude cot, covered with a blanket.

"He has been drugged," said Judson, looking down at the boy's white face and inert figure. "He may not wake up for hours. It will be impossible for me to get him away in that shape, unless I lowered him out of one of the windows and then carried him to some place of shelter near by. That is altogether too awkward a scheme for me to carry out successfully. Then what am I to do? It will be daylight in a couple of hours, the farm hands will be astir, and I'll have to remain concealed in this place all day. However, it is Sunday, and there is not much danger that I will be disturbed. Still, without anything to eat, it will be most unpleasant for me. However, they'll bring King something to eat, and maybe it'll do for both of us. He'll be mighty glad to know I'm around when he recovers his senses and finds that he is a prisoner."

Having made up his mind that nothing could be done for the present, and having decided to conceal himself in the great mass of hay in the loft, Joe returned the lantern to the hook below, for he knew its absence would create suspicion in the mind of the man who had hung it there, went back to the loft and, burrowing a bed for him-

self under the hay, crawled in and was soon asleep.

CHAPTER VIII.—King Finds Himself In A Queer Situation.

It was broad daylight, and the sunlight was shining through the cracks in the shutters of the loft when King Fairchild came to himself. For a moment or two he thought he was at home in his room in bed. Only for a moment the impression prevailed, for he was soon aware that there was something new and strange about his surroundings. He started to raise himself up to see where he really was, when he became conscious that his arms were tied close to his hips.

"Why, what's happened to me?" he asked himself, wonderingly, for the events of the previous night had not yet occurred to him.

He tried to put his feet off the cot on the floor, and was astonished to find that his ankles were tied together. He lay back and tried to think. His head felt dizzy and pained him a good bit. He found it hard to collect his thoughts so as to think collectively. A quarter of an hour passed and then his brain began to clear.

He began to remember things, and it wasn't long before he recollected that he and Joe had gone to the New Star Theatre, and after that—ah, yes; they were attacked on the avenue and he was choked until he was unable to offer further resistance. Then he was put into a cab, which drove off immediately, and—that was all he could remember. He began to realize that he had been brought to this place, which looked like the inside of a barn. His fettered limbs showed that it was the intention of the men to keep him a prisoner for some purpose. Who they were, and why they should want to do this, puzzled him not a little, and, we may also say, disquieted him.

He finally managed to struggle into a sitting posture on the cot, and then he saw that the place was a barn—a good-sized one. At that moment there was a noise down stairs as some one opened the big door and entered the building. He came straight upstairs, opened one of the shutters, thereby diffusing more light and air in the loft, and then approaching the corner where the prisoner was. King looked hard at him. He was sure that he had never seen the man before. The newcomer was dressed in a genteel business suit, with a gold watch chain across his vest, and a new soft-crowned hat on his head. He did not look like a man of evil design, but then one never can tell by appearances.

"Hello!" he said, looking at King, with half a smile. "I see you're awake."

"Yes, I'm awake, and I'd like to have an explanation."

"An explanation, eh? About what?"

"I want to know why I was brought here?"

"That's easily answered. For the good of somebody's health."

"Somebody's health!"

"Exactly," replied the man, dryly.

"I don't quite understand you."

"You will later."

"Why not now?" asked King, impatiently.

"Because I am not engineering the scheme."

"What scheme?"

"You will probably learn in good time from—well, the man who has charge of the matter."

"Then you won't tell me why I was brought here?" said King, in a disappointed tone.

"I have no right to tell you anything."

"Why are my arms and ankles bound?"

"Merely as a precaution."

"Against what?"

"Against you taking French leave."

"But I suppose you keep the door locked."

"Of course; but you could easily get out by any of these windows if you were at liberty."

"It seems to me that I am to be kept a prisoner here for some purpose that you won't explain."

"There isn't any doubt about that," replied the man, with another half smile.

"Well it's a mystery to me. I can't see the object in my being kept a prisoner. The man who you say is at the bottom of this outrage must have mistaken me for somebody else."

"No, he hasn't. We know you all right."

"Who am I?"

"King Fairchild, a Wall Street messenger boy."

King drew a long breath and looked his surprise. He had confidently expected to hear the man call him by some name he had never heard of before, instead of which they had his real identity down pat enough. The man laughed at the look on the prisoner's face.

"You see there isn't any mistake about the matter at all."

"I see you know who I am," admitted the boy; "but I'd give something to know why I have been brought to this barn. Where am I? Up in the Bronx?"

"No."

"Somewhere in the city?"

The man shook his head.

"Aren't you going to throw any light on the subject?"

"I have no authority to open my mouth."

"Then I wish you to tell the man who is responsible for my being here that I want to see him."

"You'll see him presently."

"It's beginning to strike me that I've heard your voice before," said King, looking more narrowly at the man. "If I have, then you are evidently disguised. Is that beard of yours false?"

"No reflections, young man."

"All right," replied King. "Is it the purpose of the man who is working this scheme to keep me here long?"

"You'll have to ask him for any information you want."

"What did you come here for?"

"To see whether you'd come to your senses yet."

"Then you can go back and report that I'm wide awake."

"I suppose you feel as if you'd like some breakfast?"

"I shouldn't object to it."

"I will bring it to you."

"I can't eat it with my hands tied."

"I'll lose your hands for the time being."

"When shall I see the other man?"

"When he gets ready to call on you."

"That's rather indefinite."

"It's the best I can tell you, as I am not master of his actions."

The speaker had evidently said all that he was going to then, for he turned on his heel, went down stairs, and King heard him walk out of the barn.

"I don't like the looks of this thing for a red cent," muttered the boy after he was left alone. "There's something queer about it. I'll bet I've met that chap before, his voice is familiar. Who the dickens can he be? That's a false beard he had on, all right. Maybe the fact that I've made some money in stocks has leaked out in some way, and that this is a job put up on me to get it away from me. They will have a sweet time doing it," he said, resolutely. "I wonder what they take me for?"

Just then King heard a noise at the other end of the room. He looked in that direction. A portion of the hay in the big pile was moving. A head appeared, which seemed to reconnoiter its surroundings cautiously. Then a pair of stout shoulders appeared, followed by the rest of the body. Lastly came the legs, and the person stood up. King gave a gasp of surprise, for surely that was his friend, Joe Judson.

CHAPTER IX.—Joe Judson Throws A Little Light On the Subject.

King watched the figure as he crept to the open window and looked furtively out. The sunlight shining on his features showed Fairchild that it was Joe beyond any doubt. So Joe had been brought here, too. And yet, if that was so, why was it he was at liberty, while he, King, was bound hand and foot? Was this another feature of the mystery? He decided to attract his friend's attention.

"Say, Joe."

Judson turned from the window and came toward him.

"Glad to see you've got over your insensibility, King," he said in a low voice.

"Yes, I've woke up."

"Got any pain in your head?"

"I should say that I had. I don't often have a headache, but I've a peach this morning."

"I don't wonder. I suppose you know that you were drugged?"

"Drugged! Me drugged! Not to my knowledge, yet I must admit that my head felt pretty queer when I first woke up."

"You were drugged all right."

"How do you know I was?" asked King, in surprise.

"Because I had a good look at you after you were first brought here."

"Oh, you did? Were you brought here, too, by those men who, it seems, kidnapped me last night?"

"No. I came on my own hook."

"On your own hook! I don't understand you."

"I followed you. Or, rather, I followed you across the river and came the rest of the way in the wagon with you, only I was hidden in an empty barrel, and the men had no idea of my presence."

"I'm not very wise on the subject yet."

"I'll tell you the whole story as soon as I get a chance. At present, I am afraid somebody might come into the barn at any moment, and if that person should get on to the fact that I am here there would be something doing. I'm here to help you out of your scrape, but the only way that I have any show of doing it is by keeping out of sight of the men who have engineered the scheme to bring you here and hold you a prisoner for some time."

"You seem to know something about the matter?" said King, a bit surprised.

"I do. I heard them talking the whole thing over in the wagon on the road here."

"What do you mean by here? Where are we?"

"On a Long Island farm somewhere in the neighborhood of the town of Babylon."

"Is that really a fact?"

"It is. It took them about three hours to drive here from the river, and they had a pretty smart nag at that. That was the worst ride I ever took in my life."

"I have no recollection of crossing the river."

"Of course you haven't, because you were unconscious. You must have been drugged in the carriage."

"The last thing I remember is being forced into a cab."

"We were assaulted on Lexington Avenue, below the New Star Theatre."

"I recollect that we were. Did you run after the cab?"

"No," grinned Joe. "I made the cab carry me."

"How?"

"I clung to the springs of the rear axle."

"You must have had a peach of a ride."

"I did. I had the time of my life, only I don't want to try it over again."

"Where did the cab go?"

"It went down several streets till it came to the river a block below the College Point ferry."

"Then what happened?"

"You were taken out and put into a boat and the two men started to row across the river."

"How did you get across?"

"By the ferry."

"What then?"

"I had heard the man who seemed to be engineering the job say that they would land at the second wharf below the ferry slip on the other side, and that there was a horse and wagon waiting for them in a shed near by. I hunted for the shed as soon as I got across, found it, saw the team inside with two empty barrels in it, made up my mind to get into one of them, did so and the rest was easy, though not for my poor bones. When they brought you up here I popped in below, and when they left the barn I came up, saw that you were in no condition to help yourself, crawled into the hay yonder and went to sleep."

"Say, Joe, you're all right. You went through all that in order to get me out of my pickle."

"That's right."

"I sha'n't forget it, Joe."

"You'd have done the same for me, wouldn't you?"

"Of course I would, any day."

"Then say nothing. Just you lie low and I'll help you get away. We'll take the wind out of

these fellows sails to the queen's taste. We'll give 'em a surprise they aren't looking for or I'm a lop-sided kangaroo."

"You say you know why I was brought here?"

"I do."

"Then I want you to explain it to me."

"Not now. Later on. The story will keep."

"Do you know who the men are?"

"No; but I know their names."

"Who is that chap who was just up here? You saw him, didn't you?"

"I did. It was his talk that woke me up."

"Who is he?"

"His name is Burns."

"Burns! I don't know any man by the name of—"

"Hush! There's some one coming. I'm going to sneak."

Joe tiptoed across the loft and disappeared under the hay. Presently the man Burns appeared up through the trap with a tray, on which were several dishes and a cup and saucer. Evidently he was bringing breakfast to the prisoner. He laid the tray on the floor till he got an empty box to rest it on.

"You can rest satisfied of one thing, young man; we're not going to starve you. You'll be fed same as we are—on the fat of the land."

He removed the cover of the center dish and disclosed to King's hungry gaze a plate of bacon and eggs, garnished with French fried potatoes.

"Looks good, doesn't it?" he said, cheerfully. "I can assure you that the coffee is also first-class. Now I'll release your arms and you can fall to and eat as much as you want."

Thus speaking he untied the rope that held the boy's arm to his side.

"Start in. Don't be in a hurry. I'll wait for you. This is Sunday and I have lots of time."

King needed no second invitation, but commenced at once. Before he was half through he thought of Joe. He looked at the man. He was leaning out of the window. King buttered a couple of slices of bread and slipped a fried egg and some of the bacon between them. He put a few fried potatoes on the outside, another slice of bread over them, and hid the whole under the mattress of the cot.

"Joe sha'n't go hungry after all," he said, with some satisfaction, "not if I can help it."

Then he finished his breakfast, and what was left on the plates after he got through wasn't worth mentioning.

CHAPTER X.—Making their escape.

"I see you've done justice to your breakfast," said Burns, when he came over to the cot again.

"It tasted good and I was hungry."

"Your peculiar situation hasn't affected your appetite, at any rate."

"I suppose not; but I wish I was at liberty, just the same."

"You will be after a time."

"When will that be?"

"That's a question I can't answer."

"And I suppose the other man, whatever his name is, won't answer it?"

"It's up to him. Now I'll tie you up again. Sorry we have to do it, but I'm afraid it can't be helped for the present. Other arrangements will be made to-day so that you need not be pinioned."

Burns replaced King's bond, took up the tray and left the loft. As soon as he was gone, Joe reappeared again.

"You're lucky, King," he said, with a grimace. "You've had your breakfast. I could smell that bacon and eggs, and the coffee, too. Gee! How hungry it has made me."

"Do you want some?" chuckled King.

"Do I want some? Say, don't make me feel bad. I can take it out in wanting, I guess."

"Not as bad as that. I've saved you some."

"How could you do that? Didn't Burns take the tray away?"

"Suppose he did? I didn't let him carry away any of the stuff he brought. Come here and feel under the mattress. I put a sort of double-decker sandwich there—three slices of buttered bread, a whole egg, some bacon and fried potatoes. You'll have to do without coffee. There was no way of reserving any for you."

"Don't say a word. You're a brick," exclaimed Joe, making a dive for the place where the sandwich was.

He had it in his hands in a moment and was eating like a famished hyena.

"Gee! But this tastes good," he mumbled between bites. "I'm hungry enough to chew a handful of nails."

"You act like it," laughed King.

"Not so loud. We must keep our ears on the alert for another visitor. You can't tell when Birdsall will take it into his head to call on you."

"Birdsall. That's the other man, eh?"

"Yes. That's the chief mogul. At least he seems to be bossing the matter."

Nothing more was said until Joe had finished the last crumb.

"A drink of water would go all right now," he said, "but I guess I'll have to do without it."

"I guess it wouldn't do for you to release me," said King, wistfully.

"Not on your life it wouldn't. You'll have to put up with things as they are until after dark."

"I don't know about that, Joe. Burns intimated that other arrangements would be made to-day so that I could be left untied."

"Did he say that?"

"He did."

"They might take you into the house."

"They might."

"Perhaps they are fitting a room up for you now?"

"I wouldn't be surprised."

"Then maybe we'd better try and sneak away at once. If they should take you into the house that would queer me."

"Take a look out at one of the back windows, and see what is the lay of the land. If favorable for us to travel over, we can drop out of the window and start right off. I only wish we could count upon an hour's start."

Joe took a peep as requested, and stated that he could see nothing but cultivated fields.

"Maybe they won't make any change in things until night," said King.

"Maybe not; but you can't tell."

"Take a look out in front."

Joe took a cautious glance into the farmyard.

"Birdsall is coming toward the barn," he said.

"Time for me to get out of sight."

He made a dash for the hay and was soon out of sight. A few moments later King heard steps below, and soon another bearded man came up the stairs and advanced to the cot.

"Well, young man, how are you feeling?" asked Birdsall.

"How would you expect me to feel under the circumstances?"

"Like a philosopher," he grinned.

"I never studied the science. Did you come to make the situation clear to me?"

"There is lots of time ahead yet for that."

"Then you're thinking of keeping me here for some time, are you?"

"It is possible that you may remain a month, if not longer."

"That's a cheerful prospect. Aren't you going to tell me why I was brought here, and why I've got to stay here a whole month?"

"You'll have to be patient. That is an excellent virtue that I advise you to cultivate."

"I'm not in the humor for cultivating it. I went to return home. How do you think my mother and the rest of my family will feel when I don't turn up to-day?"

"Don't worry. News will be sent them that you are all right, but that your absence is indefinite."

"I may lose my job in Wall Street."

"I guess not. Jack Kellogg is under too much obligation to you to bounce you because you have been detained somewhere against your will."

"You seem to know Mr. Kellogg."

"Only indirectly," replied Birdsall, evasively.

"It strikes me that you are familiar with Wall Street."

"Indeed. What makes you think so?"

"Something about you gives me that impression."

"Then you'd better forget it. I'm not a Wall Street man."

King believed he was lying. His mind had been busy during the last few minutes, and he was beginning to suspect the true state of affairs—that his abduction from New York had some connection with Jabez Dolman's trial that had been set for the coming week. As King made no reply to Birdsall's last remark, the man looked at him for a moment or two in silence and then spoke again.

"Now, young man, we propose to make your enforced stay with us as easy as possible, as we have nothing against you except a certain stubbornness you have shown against falling into line with a proposition submitted to you a while ago. Doubtless you find the restraint put upon your limbs very annoying. It is a necessary precaution for a while to prevent you from leaving us without notice. After dinner you will be removed to the house; then it will not be necessary to keep you tied up any longer, for you won't be able to leave the room in which we shall put you."

Birdsall then said he would have to go, but that his companion would drop in on the prisoner occasionally to show him that he was not forgotten. Having said all he had to say, the

man left the barn. As soon as he made his exit Joe came out from under the straw. He ran to the window and cautiously watched Birdsall cross the farmyard and enter the house. Then he came over to Fairchild.

"What do you say, King? Shall we take the risk of trying to make our escape at once? A few hours later, when they come to remove you to the house, it will be too late. I dare say Burns will not visit you for half an hour or so. That will give us time enough to cover a couple of miles. This barn stands between the house and our line of retreat. I think we will be safe enough."

Judson had his jack-knife out in a twinkling, and it was but the work of a moment to sever the ropes which secured the hands and feet of his companion. King stood up.

"I never knew before what a pleasure it is to have the use of one's limbs."

"That's right. I've heard my father say that one never appreciates the many blessings which the Lord has bestowed on him until he is by some misfortune deprived of them. It seems to me that my old man was right."

"Yes, he was right enough. Open that back window and we'll bid adieu to this barn and the gentlemen who have taken such trouble to bring me here against my will."

Joe opened the shutter and looked out.

"It is quite a drop, old man. Maybe we could find an easier way of getting out below. You see if either of us should sprain his ankle it would prove uncommonly awkward. I can see a pile of straw. It must have come through an opening."

"But that man Burns may be below—perhaps sitting in the doorway. These men, I guess, are not taking any chances with me."

"Well, I'll take a look."

Joe looked down the trap.

"There's no one at the door," he said.

"He may be somewhere in the barn. Look around."

Judson did so, descending the stairs half-way to make sure.

"Nobody around," he reported.

The boys descended with due caution, Joe leading the way to the corner where he believed they ought to find an opening at the back of the barn.

He was right. A closed shutter, secured on the inside by a staple, showed the avenue through which the straw had fallen on the outside. It was a simple matter to open it, and they were soon wading through a pile of dried refuse.

"Now, let's hustle," said Judson. "We'll steer straight across the fields. At the first house we come across we'll inquire our way to Babylon. There we should be able to get a train for the city."

"That's the idea. Come on."

Casting a glance backward at the deserted barn, to make sure that there was no one anywhere in sight, they started across the fields at a rapid rate.

and there were no signs that King's escape had as yet been discovered. When they had put the second field between them and the barn they began to feel easier. Then they struck a road and, not knowing which direction would be the best for them to take, they left the matter to the toss of a coin.

"Heads, and we go to the right; tails, in the opposite direction," said Joe, as he flipped a coin.

It came down heads and off they started in the direction indicated. In a short time they met a man in a buggy.

"Can you tell us how we can reach Babylon?" asked King of the man.

"Keep straight on until you come to the road, then turn to the left," was the reply, as he drove on.

"We're lucky," said Joe. "I was afraid we might be walking away from the town."

"I wish I'd asked him how far away it is," said Fairchild.

"What's the difference? We've got to hoof it, anyhow."

"It would be more satisfactory if we knew how far we have to walk."

"It can't be helped now. Let's hustle. Those chaps when they find you have gone will hitch up a team and try to overhaul you, I bet a hat."

"I wouldn't be surprised but they will. We can't afford to be caught."

"I should say not."

After that they did some tall talking, and ere long reached the main road.

"We must turn to the left," said Joe, which they accordingly did.

After walking three miles they came in sight of the town.

"We're all right now," remarked King. "Yonder is Babylon."

They had gone about an eighth of a mile further when they heard the rattle of wheels behind them. They turned around and saw a horse and wagon with two men on the seat coming along at a furious rate.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Joe. "Suppose that's the men after you, King? Let's get over this fence into the bushes and wait until they pass."

Fairchild thought his companion's suggestion a good one, so they jumped the fence in short order and, running a hundred feet further, crouched down out of sight. It happened that King's escape was discovered about three-quarters of an hour after the boys left the barn, to the consternation of Birdsall and Burns, who immediately hitched up a team and, surmising that the boy they meant to recapture, if possible, would endeavor to find his way to the nearest town on the railroad, they started at breakneck speed along the high road to Babylon. They caught sight of the two lads ahead as they were approaching the town, but as they were only looking for one, did not at once connect either with the object of their pursuit. When King and Joe looked around, however, and then left the road by way of the fence, their suspicions were aroused. They believed now that one of the two lads was King, and that he had picked up the other somewhere along the road, and persuaded him to guide him to Babylon.

So when they reached the spot where the boys had disappeared, Birdsall got out of the wagon,

CHAPTER XI.—Turning the Tables On the Enemy.

After crossing the first field the boys looked back again, but everything was quiet on the farm,

got over the fence and began to look for the lads, while Burns walked the horses slowly ahead. The fact that the boys had concealed themselves strengthened Birdsall's suspicions. He felt sure now that the object of their pursuit was close at hand, and, with his companion, was concealed in the bushes along the line of the fence. He commenced to beat the bushes at the point where the boys had vanished, but without success. Then he kept on in the direction of the town, which was the way King and Joe had gone. They heard him coming slowly along, and realized that it would be only a question of a few minutes before Birdsall came upon them if they remained where they were.

"What shall we do?" queried Joe, in a whisper. "Take to our heels across the fields?"

"I'll tell you what we'll do if you've the nerve to attempt it," said King, in a tone of excitement. "What?"

"Leap the fence into the road, make a dash for the wagon, board it with a rush, jump on Burns and tumble him out, and then drive off, leaving them in the lurch."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Judson, rather aghast at the daring proposition.

"Haven't you pluck enough to attempt it?" asked King.

"I'm with you," replied his friend. "I'll back you up at all hazard."

"All right. Follow me."

King sprang over the fence like a monkey, followed by Joe, and started for the wagon. Burns saw them and gave a shout. Birdsall got up and saw the boys in the road. He lost no time recrossing the fence and following them. Burns thought the lads intended to run down the road, and he prepared to head them off by driving the horse across their path. When he saw King, whom he immediately recognized, coming close alongside of the wagon, he reached over and made a grab at him. To his surprise, Fairchild reached up, grasped his disengaged arm and began pulling him out of the vehicle.

"What's the matter with you, Fairchild?" cried Burns.

"Seize him, Joe."

Judson got a hold on Burns's arm, too, and by their united strength they fairly yanked the man off the seat and tumbled him into the road.

"Quick! Get up on the seat," cried King to his companion, as he tore the reins from Burns's fingers.

Joe sprang into the wagon with a bound, King followed close behind him; then, as Birdsall rushed up and tried to get in also, the boys lashed the horse with reins and whip, and off the animal started with a rush, upsetting Birdsall in the dust. Down the road toward Babylon they dashed helter skelter, leaving the discomfited men to pick themselves up and to follow on foot.

"We're all right now," said Joe, gleefully.

"No, we're not. Those rascals will come on to town and wait at the railroad station so as to try and prevent me from taking the first train that comes along."

"I didn't think of that," replied Joe. "What shall we do?"

"There's only one thing for us to do, and that

is to find out the direct road to Brooklyn and drive there."

"Why can't we go on to the next town and take the train there when it comes along?" asked Joe.

"I think we'd better not bother about a train at all. Those chaps would probably be aboard of it, anyhow, on the lookout for us."

"Suppose they were. They wouldn't dare molest us on the cars."

"I don't know what they might dare to do. They might charge us with stealing their team, for one thing, and thus get me, at any rate, in their clutches again. No, I'm going to stick to the wagon. We've got the whole day before us, and if we don't go astray ought to reach Brooklyn in a few hours."

"All right," replied Joe. "Do as you please. It's all the same to me."

Accordingly, as soon as they reached town, they stopped before a small hotel and King asked to be directed to the highway to Brooklyn. He found that it was down the road which they had just come. To go back meant to encounter Birdsall and Burns, who were no doubt tramping on foot toward town. What were they to do?

CHAPTER XII.—The Explosion.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said King, after considering the problem before them. "The railroad station is yonder. We'll drive a short distance in the opposite direction, and by a round-about way come back to the county road. By that time Birdsall and Burns ought to be out of our way. This plan was followed, and half an hour later they reached the high road once more.

There was no sign of either Birdsall or Burns in sight, so they started up the road, which ran in a northwesterly direction. After covering several miles and meeting only one carriage, they began to hope that they had left the enemy far in the rear.

In order not to tire the horse, they let him make his own pace, and as they rode along Joe recounted, as well as he could remember, the conversation he had overheard between the men early that morning on the way down from College Point. That explained the whole situation to King, and confirmed the suspicion he had previously formed as to the object of his abduction from New York. The road carried them through the town of Jamaica, where they had dinner at a hotel, and they drove into Brooklyn at about three o'clock. After inquiring of a policeman, they found a stable and put the horse and wagon up, saying that it would be called for in a day or so.

Then they crossed over to Manhattan and took a train uptown for their homes. King found his mother and the rest of the family much upset over his unexplained absence. He told his story, giving Joe full credit for delivering him out of the hands of the enemy. After supper he went down to West Seventy-second Street to call on Mr. Kellogg. The broker was surprised to see him.

"I've something of great importance to tell

you, sir; that's why I called at your house," he said.

"Come right into the library, then," replied the broker, who was quite curious to learn what his messenger had to tell. As soon as they were seated King began at the beginning and told his story. Mr. Kellogg listened with attention and not a little astonishment. He made no remark until Fairchild had finished.

"You've been through a most unusual experience, King," he said. "It is evident that Jabez Dolman and his friends fear the outcome of his trial, and have resorted to desperate expedients in order to head off some of the evidence. I have been approached myself in a roundabout way, but I didn't give the other side much encouragement."

"Joe says they have some scheme under way to secure your silence, but he didn't discover what it was."

"I hardly think they will try to kidnap me," laughed the broker.

"I should hope not, sir."

"I will have to take you to the District Attorney's office to-morrow," said Mr. Kellogg. "It is a very serious matter to attempt to bribe or otherwise to interfere with an important witness in a case about to come before the court. This effort to get you out of the way on the eve of Mr. Dolman's trial is bound to have a bad effect on his chances of weathering the charge he has got to face."

"I think it was a foolish piece of business, sir," replied King. "Mr. Dolman ought to face the music like a man instead of trying to crawl."

"I'm afraid he'll realize that fact when it is too late. As far as I can see, he stands a very good chance of going up the river, and never more so than at this minute."

Next forenoon King visited the District Attorney's office with Mr. Kellogg, and there told the story of his kidnapping on Saturday night. It was taken down by one of the office stenographers, an affidavit was prepared to be attached to it after it had been typewritten, and King swore to its truth. The young messenger described the location of the farm where he had been held prisoner, and handed in the card of the Brooklyn stable where he had put up the team.

Two detectives went over the river, got the horse and wagon, and drove them down to the neighborhood of Babylon. They made inquiries around as to the identity of the team, and soon found a farmer who knew where it belonged. He directed the officers to the place.

They found that the farm was run by an old man and woman, assisted by two hired hands. The man and woman both denied any knowledge of a boy having been brought to their place early Sunday morning and confined in their barn. They admitted that two men, who gave their names as Smith and Brown, and were strangers to them, had passed the early part of Sunday with them, and had had breakfast. The men had borrowed the team, returned by the detectives, to go to Babylon, and had not returned.

That was positively all they knew on the subject. The officers questioned them closely, for they doubted the truth of their story, but failed to make them contradict themselves even in the smallest particular. Feeling satisfied that they would be able to lay their hands on them any

time such a course was necessary, the detectives took their departure. Mr. Kellogg and King returned to Wall Street about noon.

The former immediately started for the Exchange, and the boy took his accustomed seat in the reception room. At half-past twelve the letter carrier came in and left several letters and a small oblong package addressed to the broker. King took the mail matter inside and placed it on his employer's desk. Then the cashier sent him on an errand to the Morris Building on Broad Street. On his way he met Joe Judson.

"Well," said Joe, "I suppose you told your boss about your adventure out on Long Island?"

"Our adventure, you mean," corrected King. "You were as much in it as myself."

"Our adventure, then. I accept the amendment."

"Yes, of course I told him. I went to his house last night after supper."

"What did he say?"

"He was naturally astonished at my story. He said the District Attorney would have to hear about it."

"Well?"

"This morning I went to the public prosecutor's office and had my narrative taken down in shorthand. After which I signed an affidavit attesting its truth. Haven't you seen any one from the District Attorney's office yourself yet?"

"No," replied Joe, shaking his head.

"You are bound to before the day is out. You will be called on for a statement, which you have to swear to, also."

"I can do that easily enough."

"This matter is going to hurt Mr. Dolman's defense. Mr. Kellogg says he don't see how he can save himself from going up the river."

"It seems to me that he won't get any more than he deserves," replied Joe.

"I agree with you. It was touch and go that morning with Mr. Kellogg when Mr. Dolman assaulted him. I hope that I may never run up against such a close call."

When King got back to the office he found his sister and Sylvia Parsons talking in the waiting-room. The girls had met at a quick-lunch restaurant and Nellie had accompanied Miss Parsons back to Mr. Kellogg's office, as she wanted to see her brother. After talking together a moment or two, King said:

"While the boss is out I want to show you a picture he bought the other day, Nellie. You've seen it, of course, Sylvia?" asked King.

"I've only caught a glance at it," said the stenographer. "I'd like to have a better look."

"Well, come inside, both of you," said the boy, leading the way into Mr. Kellogg's sanctum. "It's a corking fine water color. I'd like to own one like it."

The three were presently standing in front of the picture admiring it. The subject was one that especially appealed to King, and he called the girls' attention to the many fine points brought out by the artist. After Nellie had satisfied her curiosity, she turned her attention to the next picture, while her brother began talking with Sylvia. Fairchild was doing his best to make a favorable impression on the fair Miss Parsons when, without the slightest warning, a tremendous explosion shook the office and de-

moralized the furniture generally. The girls screamed, while the boy was almost paralyzed.

The explosion created a great sensation. The clerks and cashier were thrown into a state of great excitement and came rushing out of the counting room.

"You here, King!" exclaimed Mr. Gibson. "What is the meaning of that explosion?"

"You've got me, Mr. Gibson," replied King. "Something went off on Mr. Kellogg's desk and gave us the biggest kind of a shock."

At that moment a couple of Wall Street detectives entered and wanted to know what had happened. Fairchild explained all he knew about it, and the detectives thought the explosion had come from an infernal machine. But the question was, why should an infernal machine be sent to Mr. Kellogg? After the excitement had calmed down Mr. Gibson wrote a note to Mr. Kellogg at the Exchange and sent King over with it. While King was waiting for his boss to come to the rail two brokers passed him and he heard one say:

"L. & G. is sure to go up inside of three days. I've inside information to that effect."

Presently Mr. Kellogg came and took the note from King.

The youth was now awake to the tip he had overheard about L. & G. and resolved to look into it. He found there had been an unusual amount of transactions in the stock during the past week. Putting everything together, he came to the conclusion that L. & G. was a good stock to invest in at that moment, so he bought 1,000 shares for his account. In two days' time L. & G. had advanced to 81, at which point King sold out, netting a profit of over \$22,000.

The trial of Jabez Dolman took place on Wednesday of the ensuing week. Mr. Dolman had an array of distinguished counsel in his behalf, but they could not save him, and he was convicted and received a sentence of six years in State prison.

One day a short time after these happenings King heard brokers talking about an expected rise in M. & O. After making inquiries he bought 3,000 shares. Meeting Joe the same day, he passed the tip on to him and Judson bought 100 shares. M. & O. advanced steadily until it reached the 100 mark, when both boys' sold out, King clearing \$54,000 and Joe \$1,825. The boys celebrated their good luck by attending a show at the Hippodrome that evening.

CHAPTER XIII.—King Finds A Fat Pocketbook.

One day King was coming back from an errand at the Vanderpool Building when he saw something lying in the gutter of New Street and Exchange Place. It was a fat pocketbook. He picked it up in a jiffy and looked at it.

"Somebody must have dropped that about a minute ago, for this is too prominent a spot for such a thing to remain very long unnoticed. Messenger and telegraph boys are passing here right along, and it would be a cold day when they would go by such a thing as that. It feels heavy, as if it was full of money. I dare say the owner's name and address is inside. I'll look when I get back to the office."

He slipped it into his pocket and resumed his way. When he took his seat in the waiting-room again he pulled out the wallet and started to examine its contents. The first thing he saw was a bunch of bills, which he counted and found amounted to \$1,200. Then there were a lot of newspaper clippings, and the card of a well-known broker. Next he picked out a letter without an envelope.

"Maybe this will give me a clue to the owner's identity and address," he said to himself.

He opened it and saw the following in a bold handwriting:

"Dear John.—I can put you on to a good thing, and I advise you to take immediate advantage of the tip, for such things don't happen my way with any alarming frequency. A clique of the biggest brokers in the Street have arranged to boom H. & O. shares, which are now going at 134. It will go to 150 inside of ten days, mark my words. A nod ought to be as good as a wink to a blind horse. Get in on the ground floor with the big ones while the chance is yours.

"Harker."

"This looks like a tip for fair," said King to himself, "and a good one, too."

He noted the name of the stock and then continued his examination of the wallet. There were some stamps and a few other things in it, but the owner's name and address were the important things missing.

"Everybody who carries a pocketbook with any money in it, or anything else of value, ought to have his name and address stamped on it so if lost the finder can restore it. Now here are \$1,200 in good money, and the owner is no doubt by this time tearing his hair because he thinks it is gone forever. The only thing I can do is to communicate with the broker whose card is in this wallet, and tell him that I have found a pocketbook belonging to some man who may be a client of his because I found his business card in it."

King read the note over again, to impress its contents on his mind, and then wrapped the wallet in a piece of paper and asked the cashier to place it in the office safe. When he went out on his next errand he stopped in at the office of the broker whose name was on the card.

"Is Mr. Smith in?" he inquired of the office boy.

"He is."

"I'd like to see him."

"What's your business?"

"My business is important and can only be told to Mr. Smith. My name is Fairchild, and I'm Jack Kellogg's messenger."

The office boy went into Mr. Smith's sanctum, and presently returned and said that Mr. Smith would see him. So King walked into the private office.

"Well, what can I do for you, young man?" asked the broker.

King told him the object of his errand.

"I'm afraid that I can't help you out," replied Mr. Smith. "I haven't as yet heard that any customer of mine has lost his wallet. Was there any money in it?"

"There was."

"And no clue to the owner?"

"None at all."

"Well, leave me your name and address, and if I hear of anybody who has lost a pocketbook I'll send him around to see you about it."

King thanked him and took his leave. When Fairchild returned to the office he had to go out again at once, and this time he was gone nearly an hour. On his return he found a man of about thirty waiting to see him.

"Are you King Fairchild?" asked the visitor.

"That's my name," replied the young messenger.

"Mr. James Smith, broker, of the Tontine Building, told me that you found a pocketbook with his card and a sum of money in it this morning."

"That's right. Did you lose such an article?"

"I did."

"What's your name?"

"John Davis."

"How large was your wallet, and what was its color?"

The visitor told him, and his description hit the mark.

"How much money was in it?"

"Twelve hundred dollars."

"What else was in the book?"

Mr. Davis stated about what was in the wallet beside the money.

"The pocketbook seems to be yours all right," said King. "I'll get it for you."

When he handed it to the visitor he said:

"Count the money and see that it's all right."

"I am willing to take that for granted, for if you hadn't been an uncommonly honest boy you would not have tried to find the owner of the wallet."

"I'd prefer that you'd count it, anyway," said King.

The owner of the pocketbook did so, and declared everything was all right. He offered King a hundred-dollar bill.

"No," said Fairchild, "I don't want it."

"But you are entitled to some reward."

"I'll take it in a different way."

"I don't quite understand you."

"I'll tell you," said King. "In looking over the wallet to try and find a clue to the owner's identity I found and read a note addressed to 'John,' and signed by 'Harker.' It seems to be a stock tip. Is there anything in it?"

"I suppose there is no use of my denying that it is a pointer on H. & O. I hope, however, that you will keep the matter to yourself. If you can use it to any advantage yourself—that is, if you have any money to back it—I advise you to buy as many shares on a ten per cent. margin as you can, for it will prove a perfectly safe investment."

"Then you guarantee that it's all right?"

"Certainly. It's good as gold."

"That's all I want to know. I will accept the tip on H. & O. in place of any cash reward. I have some money that I'll use to buy some shares of stock. I didn't want to touch it before I had found out whether it was worth taking a risk on or not."

"It's perfectly safe. It's my opinion that you can't lose if you sell out at or around 150, which is the point my friend Harker, who is in a posi-

tion to know, says it's bound to go to. I've already put up the margin on 1,000 shares myself with Mr. Smith, and I intend to buy some more with this \$1,200. I shouldn't risk a matter of nearly \$15,000, all the money I could scrape together, if I didn't have unlimited confidence in the tip."

King expressed himself as satisfied, and then Mr. Davis took his leave after thanking the boy for returning him his wallet. Later on, King went to the bank in Nassau Street and handed in an order to buy 5,000 shares of H. & O. at the market next morning. The shares were duly secured at the opening of the Exchange and cost Fairchild \$68,000 in margin. King put Joe on to the pointer next day, and he immediately bought 100 shares for himself. Two days afterward H. & O. went up five points.

CHAPTER XIV.—The Encounter in Bronx Park.

The prospect of making another big haul out of the stock market made King feel as independent as a millionaire, and in this respect Joe Judson was a close second. Summer was coming on, and the weather was pleasant and generally sunshiny. The morning that H. & O. went up five points was Saturday, and the office closed at one o'clock. It had been arranged that King and Joe were to take Sylvia Parson and Nellie Fairbanks to lunch, and then by train to Bronx Park for the afternoon. Judson was to meet King's sister at her place of business and bring her around to Mr. Kellogg's office.

They appeared about quarter past one and found King and Miss Parson ready and waiting. The four went directly to a nice restaurant in the neighborhood and after lunch took a subway express to the park. There they wandered through the woods, close to the river. King and Sylvia gradually fell back by themselves, and presently lost sight of Joe and Nellie. At length they came out into a little glade, where they found three well-dressed men seated on a bench, talking earnestly together. As they passed by the men stopped talking and looked sharply at them.

King casually returned their gaze and in two of the individuals he recognized Birdsall and Burns, while the third was unknown to him. The boy was so surprised that he stopped short, whereupon Birdsall, seeing that Fairchild had identified him, sprang to his feet, with a smothered imprecation, and grabbed him by the arm.

Sylvia, much frightened by the man's actions, clung to King's arm.

"I see you know me," said Birdsall, with a dark look.

"I do," replied the boy, coldly. "You are Birdsall."

"I suppose your first action will be to notify the police that I am in the park here," went on Birdsall.

"Your supposition is correct," answered King, pluckily. "You and your friend Burns have got to answer for abducting me that Saturday night and carrying me down to the Long Island farm."

"Then you still hold that against us, eh?" replied the man, with an ugly frown. "I think we treated you with due consideration for the short

time you remained our prisoner. How did you manage to get free?"

"I managed it all right. Did you take me for a lamb to remain tied up as long as there was any chance of getting clear of your society?"

"I suppose you think we haven't learned the truth? We know that your companion managed to follow us clear to the farm, and that it was he who liberated you. Only for that fact things would have gone well. Now, look here, it won't do you any good to report that you've seen us here. The police do not know us, and you are the only one who can give us trouble. I want you to swear that you'll keep your mouth shut."

"I will on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That you'll disclose the identity of the man who mailed that infernal machine to Mr. Kellogg. That was a dastardly act, and the scoundrel capable of doing such a thing ought to be exposed and punished."

"I know nothing about it."

"It's my opinion that you know a great deal about it. You and Burns were in the conspiracy to prevent my testimony and that of Mr. Kellogg's getting into court at the trial of Mr. Dolman. You didn't succeed, however, and he was sent up the river, as he deserved. Now, unless you agree to give me a clue to the bomb-sender I shall certainly notify the police that you and Burns are in the city."

"Then you won't leave this spot alive," said Birdsall, making a sign to his companions, who jumped to their feet and surrounded the boy and girl.

Sylvia, thoroughly startled, uttered a scream, whereupon Burns seized her roughly and clapped his hands over her mouth. King wrenched himself from Birdsall's grasp and struck him a blow in the face, which staggered him. Then he made a dash at Burns, who had all he could do to hold Sylvia. She was a plucky girl when aroused, and resisted the man to the best of her ability. Birdsall recovered, and, backed up by the third man, rushed to their companion's assistance. King was soon in their grasp, and a desperate struggle was put up by the boy. The two men began to force him toward the bank of the river, with the evident intention of throwing him into the water. In the midst of the melee help appeared in the person of Joe Judson.

He and Nellie had heard Sylvia's scream and hastened back to see what was the matter. When they appeared on the edge of the glade they were startled by the scene transpiring before their eyes. Joe at once concluded that King and Sylvia had been attacked by footpads, and he didn't lose a moment in going to their rescue. Nellie, who was just as plucky as her brother, flew at Burns, in order to assist Sylvia, for whom she had contracted a strong attachment.

In a moment Burns found that he was placed at a great advantage. Joe reached King as Birdsall and his associate had got him within a yard of the river, and he struck Birdsall a terrific blow behind the ear that felled him like a log, then he went for the other man, who was obliged to let go of King in order to defend himself. He was no match at all for the two thoroughly aroused boys, and was overthrown in a moment, Joe leaping astride of him.

"Don't let the other chap up!" cried Judson, as Birdsall, in a dazed way, was trying to regain his feet.

King jumped on him, bore him to the ground and pounded him into insensibility. Then he jumped up and started for Burns, who, seeing that matters were going against his companions, was trying to release himself from the hold the two girls had on him. Burns saw him coming, and, by a mighty effort, tore himself clear and, rushing off, disappeared among the trees. The girls looked considerably the worse in their attire from the scrimmage, but they did not think of that then, for they were only too glad to get clear of the man.

"I hope you're not hurt, either of you," said King, looking at them.

"No," replied Sylvia, almost hysterically, "I'm not. But I'm so glad that you are not injured," and burying her face in her hands she burst into tears and sobbed on King's shoulder as he placed his arm around her waist and drew her toward him.

His sister also, now that the crisis was over, yielded to her emotions and threw her arms around his neck, seemingly on the eve of an hysterical attack. King managed to soothe them after a few minutes, during which interval Judson, after threatening to pound the third man's face to a jelly if he didn't lie quiet, pulled out the fellow's handkerchief and bound his wrists together. After that he got up and treated the unconscious Birdsall in the same manner. By that time the girls were somewhat composed and King left them to rejoin Joe.

"Why, that chap is Birdsall, ain't it?" said Judson. "And the fellow who got away was Burns, I guess. How did you happen to meet them?"

King quickly told the story of the meeting and what had followed.

"We must turn these men over to the police," said Joe. "The only question is where shall we find one of the park officers."

"I'll stay here and watch these rascals while you go and hunt up the police. You've bound them so they won't give me any trouble, I guess."

Accordingly, Joe started off, leaving King and the girls on the bank of the river with the two prisoners. In half an hour he returned with two park policemen, who took charge of Birdsall and his companion, and marched them to the park lock-up, whence they were subsequently transferred to the Thirty-second Precinct police station.

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

The trouble they had met with in the park ended the afternoon's outing for the four young people, so they returned to the Fairchild flat, where they had supper, and later on King took Sylvia home. Next morning, although it was Sunday, they all had to appear at the Sixth District Police Court in the Bronx to testify against Birdsall and his companion. The prisoners pleaded not guilty, but the magistrate ordered them sent downtown to the Tombs, as it was evident that Birdsall at least was wanted by

the Manhattan police. After leaving the Bronx District Court, King went down to Seventy-second street and called on Mr. Kellogg to acquaint him with the arrest of Birdsall. Next morning the broker accompanied his messenger, Joe and the girls to the Tombs Court and had a private talk with the magistrate before he took his seat on the bench. Birdsall and the other man were remanded for the action of the Grand Jury. A couple of detectives got after Burns, but he eluded all attempts to capture him, much to the regret of King and Joe. It was not for a year that anything was heard of him, and then it was learned that he had been arrested in Chicago for some crime that sent him to the State prison. Long before that, however, Birdsall and his companion were keeping company with Jabez Dolman in Sing Sing. When King got back to the office the first thing he did was to look at the ticker to see what was doing in H. & O. He found that it had opened half a point higher than Saturday, and that it was evidently engaging the attention of the brokers from the number of sales recorded on the tape. At three o'clock, when the Exchange closed down for the day, it was going at 147. That meant a profit so far to King of over \$50,000.

"Well, what do you think of H. & O. now?" asked King, when he met Joe that afternoon.

"I think it's on the boom."

"That's what it looks like. So far we are eleven points to the good."

"Which means that I am worth \$3,000 at this moment. Who would have thunk it?"

"Thunk is good," laughed King.

"How much higher do you think it may go?"

"Well, John Davis, through whom I got the tip, as you will remember, told me I'd be safe to hold on till it reached 150."

"It will be up to that to-morrow."

"I should imagine that it will, and probable above, but I think we'd better give our order now to the bank to sell us out when the price reaches 150. Then we'll be on the safe side."

"Whatever you say goes, King."

So on their way home they stopped in at the bank and left directions to close out their H. & O. stock at 150. That price was reached soon after eleven next morning, and the boys' accounts were closed. Their statements showed that King had made about \$68,000, and Joe had cleared a profit of \$1,350. King was now worth \$150,000, and Judson, \$3,300.

"I think you and I have been playing the market to good advantage, what do you think, Joe?" said King, when they compared statements next day.

"I guess yes," replied Joe, nodding his head, vigorously. "We ought to celebrate again. Suppose we take the girls to the theatre to-morrow night?"

"All right," replied King. "I'll ask Sylvia and you can ask my sister."

"Say, King," asked Judson, a bit anxiously, "how do you think I stand with your sister?"

"First-rate, old fellow, as far as I can tell."

"Well, I like her a good bit, you know, and I hope you'll help make me solid in that direction."

"I guess you don't need my help. She likes you, all right."

"Are you sure of that?"

"You can't be sure of anything where girls are concerned until you have pinned them down to an expression of their real sentiments. You see, Sylvia and I are pretty thick, and she admits that she thinks lots of me, but I shall not be sure of where I stand with her until I get her to admit that she is willing to marry me one of these days."

"Wouldn't she be silly if she was to let a good thing like you escape her?" laughed Joe. "If a sister of mine made such a mistake I'd be made enough to give her a pretty strong talking to."

"So you think I'm a good thing, eh?"

"Sure. You're not nineteen yet and you're worth \$150,000. Why, by the time you're twenty-one you ought to be worth half a million."

"That's what I'm aiming for."

On the following evening King and Joe took the girls to the Knickerbocker Theatre, which happened to be the last week of the season. After the show they had ice cream and cake, and each escorted his own charmer to her door. During the summer it was Coney Island and other nearby resorts that attracted them at least twice a week, and both of the boys made considerable headway in their love affairs. As Nellie and Sylvia were now inseparable, King's prospects looked uncommonly bright. At any rate, his sister encouraged him to believe that Sylvia had no thoughts for any one but him. King couldn't get her to admit how much she thought of Joe, but from her manner he judged that his friend was pretty solid in her esteem. In September, King ceased to be Mr. Kellogg's messenger, and took possession of a desk in the counting-room at an increased salary.

He gave his mother \$10,000 with which to buy a comfortable and pretty home in the upper part of the Bronx, and the Fairchild family moved up there. He and Joe continued to take a shy at the market whenever the chance to make a winning looked bright, and both gradually added to their capital. When King became twenty-one he was able to sign his check for \$350,000, which was a very comfortable sum to begin life in earnest on. At any rate, he thought he was old enough and well enough off to get married, and he asked Sylvia, in downright earnest, if she would have him. She said she would, and so a short time afterward they were joined together and went to live in their own home. Joe asked Nellie if she didn't think that King had set them a good example. It is presumed that she thought so, for they also were married in due time and went to housekeeping, not far from King's home.

Those two important events happened about two years ago. Both boys and their young wives are as happy as the day is long, and both King and Joe, while advancing in their respective offices, and giving great satisfaction to their employers, are still, at intervals, making outside money Playing the Market.

Next week's issue will contain "A POT OF MONEY; or, THE LEGACY OF A LUCKY BOY."

CURRENT NEWS

MAMMOTH FERRY

A mammoth car ferry for use between Anchorage and Baton Rouge, La., was recently launched at Neville Island, O. This boat will be 340 feet in length, will have an extreme deck width of 91½ feet on a molded beam of fifty-six feet; and will carry at one trip a complete train of mogul and eleven Pullman cars or twenty-five loaded freight cars. The cost will be a quarter million dollars, and the ferry will be the largest vessel of its type.

MAKING MEAT TENDER

The use of papaya or a powder from the dried fruit of the papaw to make tough meat tender is not considered desirable by the Department of Agriculture, whose Bureau of Home Economics has conducted a series of experiments in this line. They find that while the leaves in crushed form do make the meat tender they also give it a decided bitter taste.

2,000 COSSACK FAMILIES WANT TO SETTLE IN CANADA



Colonel Vladimir Kishinsky, of Manchuria, is a visitor in Winnipeg, his mission in Canada being to obtain sanction for the entry of 2,000 Cossack families that wish to settle on lands in the West. Colonel Kishinsky is proceeding to Ottawa, where he will present a petition from the Cossack colony residing at Harbin, Manchuria, since the revolution in Russia.

The colonel said his compatriots in China all had been land owners under the Czar's regime; that they were accustomed to this life and sought to prosper in Canada. The colony at Harbin has organized a governmental group of its own, with a president and legislative body, and from them Colonel Kishinsky carried a power of attorney to the Canadian government.

"We were driven out to look for peaceful homes; we fear God; we will never disobey your government, and all the Cossacks have a high opinion of your national history," the colonel said.

LOOK, BOYS, LOOK!

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Rob and the Reporters

— Or, —

Hustling for War News by Wireless

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XXIII.—(continued)

"I prefer to stay and work," replied Rob promptly.

"Good! Any particular choice as the location? There are several of our wireless stations which need operators."

Rob thought of Edith.

"I should prefer to be in Belgium," he replied. "Somewhere near General Taylor's corps."

"Why?"

Rob frankly stated his reasons.

"I fear you will never hear of the lady again," said the general. "It is like looking for a needle in a haystack to locate any one under existing conditions. However, it shall be as you say. As it happens, Colonel Carter is going to General Taylor on a special mission. He is now at a point near Mauburg. Doubtless he can make a place for you and you have my best wishes for success. Permit me to thank you again."

Rob then withdrew with Colonel Carter.

"Upon my word," declared the colonel, once they were outside. "You saved the old man's life, all right. That Dutchman must have been mad."

"He is the Captain Niederman I told about," said Rob.

"Is he, then? He gave an altogether different name. You should have told the general."

"I didn't think of it."

"I'll go back and tell him now. Wait."

He presently returned with fresh thanks for the general.

They then went to a hotel, for Colonel Carter was detached and at liberty to do as he pleased.

After dinner with a French gentleman, who was introduced as Monsieur Renaud, all three started for General Taylor's headquarters, which they reached on the evening of the following day.

"You again, Randall!" exclaimed the general. "I gave you up for dead. What ever became of Lieutenant Totten and Joe Maxwell?"

"Both dead," replied Rob, and he went on to tell of their fate, asking how it was the general had not heard of it through Brown.

"I have never seen Brown since. I thought he must be dead, too. I was just going to ask you!" exclaimed the general.

Rob was both amazed and disgusted.

"Why, he told me that he delivered the Hildersheim dispatches to you personally," he said.

"Never did. So that's the sort he is. If I ever get sight of him I shall have something to say. As it is, he shall lose his job on the 'Times.'"

It was another experience for our hero and such a one as comes to most men.

Rob landed his wireless job, all right.

He was sent to one of the principal stations

near Mauburg, where there was a first-class plant and where he was one of four operators.

His immediate associate was a young Englishman named Joe Wagner, a clever fellow, to whom Rob took a liking from the start.

They were kept very busy and they slept together at the station.

Rob found himself with some spare time on his hands.

He wrote several interesting stories of his personal war experience and was able to mail them to the "Earth," where they were duly received and published.

One night he got in touch with Bayville and was able to send a personal message to Mr. Torrance.

Thus Rob again found himself working the wireless, hustling for all he was worth, which suited him, as he expressed it, "right down to the ground."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Conclusion.

"They are still retreating, Rob! See, the Germans are gaining ground, surest thing!"

Joe Wagner said it.

Another battle was being fought under the eyes of our young wireless operator.

"Tough," replied Rob, looking out. "We'll have to vacate if this sort of thing is kept up much longer."

"That's what we will, and don't you forget it. We may look for orders to pack up and move at any time."

"Here comes a fresh regiment!" cried Rob, a little later.

"Algerines!"

"Evidently. They are the boys to fight."

"That's certainly so. Hear them yell! Fierce looking fellows, ain't they?"

They certainly were.

The young men watched them as they went past the station on the double-quick.

Their appearance at the front turned the tide of battle and the retreat was stayed.

But all through the night the firing continued.

Radiograms were being received and sent all through the night.

At length toward four o'clock there came a lull.

"Bless my soul, I'm dead tired," sighed Wagner. "Wish it was time for the shift. Do you know, Rob, I can't get that girl of yours out of my head. Do you really love her?"

"She is ever in my thoughts."

"That's love."

"Oh, I suppose so. It's my first experience, so I'm not supposed to know. Just the same, I never expect to see her again."

"Yes, you will, boy. Take it from me."

"Why are you so positive?"

"Rob, I can't tell you. I sort of feel it. When I get those notions in my head they always come true. Hark! Some one coming upstairs."

"He walks as if he was drunk."

The door opened and in staggered Brown, the reporter.

He wore the British uniform, which was all bespattered with blood.

(To be continued.)

HERE AND THERE

THE VAMPIRE

Fritz Haarmann, known as the "vampire murderer," has been charged with seventeen murders in an indictment just filed by the State's Attorney of Hanover, Germany. An investigation of eight other cases has not yet been concluded, although the police believe they will be able to prove his guilt in these also, as numerous disappearances reported in various parts of Germany are being directly traced to his house where the crimes were committed.

Criminologists attached to the Prussian Ministry of the Interior are conducting an exhaustive survey of Haarmann's activities and the part the Hanover police are alleged to have played in them. Eight officials at Police Headquarters were summarily dismissed from the service because of allegations that they were involved in the Haarmann orgies.

Dr. Kopp, criminologist of the Ministry of Interior, who has been conducting a scientific investigation of Haarmann's personality, said that "Haarmann is unquestionably strangely psychopathic and presents a bewildering combination of unnatural impulses."

Haarmann says that he was unconscious when slaying his victims. Most of the murdered men were said to have been "floaters" who were grateful for a night's lodging or a drink of brandy with which Haarmann is said to have drugged them. Haarmann admitted that he usually strangled the men while they were asleep.

CUSTER'S WAR HORSE

Between the Pacific and Atlantic oceans there are several thousand persons who treasure among many souvenirs of their travels, little wisps of horse hair. Each of the souvenir collectors and relic seekers fondly believe that they have some of the hair from the tail of Comanche, Custer's horse, the only living portion of the Seventh United States Cavalry, with the exception of an Indian scout, who died from injuries, to come out of the battle of the Little Big Horn.

In Lawrence, Kan., there is a tall, thin and somewhat stooped man, whose face is tanned to the color of leather and lined with deep creases, put there by the weathers and storms of many climates. And every time some one mentions Comanche, the weather beaten face of this man breaks into a mysterious grin. He never explains that grin, always changing the subject, but the secret has leaked out.

Since his death Comanche has had seven tails. Mayhap before many more years pass that historic horse will have even more, and all because of the souvenir hunters, each of whom, in visiting the State University Museum, has secretly and with much caution stolen a few hairs from the tail of the stuffed remains of Custer's horse.

Whenever Comanche's tail becomes so thin as to appear positively shabby the attendants at the museum deftly remove it and some unknown and defunct horse donates another supply of caudal appendage to the cause of history and the religious faith of the relic hunters.

REMARKABLE SNOWFALL

The heaviest snowfall in the United States, so far as known, occurs in the high Sierra Nevada of California, especially in the region adjacent to the line of the Southern Pacific Railway connecting Sacramento, Cal., with Reno, Nev. According to a recent account of this region, published by Mr. Andrew H. Palmer in the *Monthly Weather Review*, it includes many square miles over which the average snowfall of the winter exceeds 100 inches. Moreover, at several points where measurements of snow have been made regularly by the Weather Bureau for a number of years, the average reaches much greater figures. Thus at Summit (Placer County, altitude 7,017 feet) it is 419.6 inches, while at Tamarack (Alpine County, altitude 8,000 feet) about 521 inches (43½ feet) of snow falls in an average winter. The "record" for a single season appears to be held by Summit, where no less than 783 inches, or 65¼ feet, fell in the winter of 1879-80. (These figures, of course, refer to the actual depth of snow as such, not the "water equivalent," as ordinarily entered in precipitation records.) The snow of the high Sierras furnishes most of the water used for irrigation in California, and is some times referred to as "The life blood of the State."

The remarkable measurements of snowfall above noted were not made in canyons or gulches, into which the snow had been drifted by the wind, but on open, level ground. In some cases, moreover, they have been verified by comparison with measurements at a large number of widely separated surrounding points, all of which gave figures of the same order of magnitude. The winds are light in this region, and there is not much tendency to drift.

The pressure resulting from the enormous accumulations of snow in the high Sierras produces astonishing effects. Mr. Palmer records that a fence at the Blue Canyon railway station had for its horizontal bars some discarded locomotive boiler flues of steel, 2 inches in diameter and 8 feet long. The heavy snow bent these to such an extent that they fell to the ground from their sockets in the wooden uprights. The Southern Pacific has built 32 miles of snowsheds between Blue Canyon and Truckee, at a cost of \$42,000 a mile over single track and \$65,000 a mile over double track. In an average year \$150,000 is spent on these sheds in upkeep and renewals. They are built of massive timbers, and can support a layer of snow 16 feet in depth; wherever this amount is exceeded the snow must be shoveled off by hand. Flat-roof houses are unknown in this region. All roofs are gabled at a sharp angle to shed the snow. It is a common occurrence for one-story houses to be buried to the eaves or above. Before the building of the railway the snow of these mountains made them nearly or quite impassible during about six months in the year. Attempts to cross them under such conditions led to many disasters; notably in the case of the "Donner party," of 83 persons, of whom 42 perished during the winter of 1846-47.

INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

SOLDERING COPPER AND BRASS

For all electrical work, where copper and brass are to be soldered, only rosin should be used. Most pastes or liquids will corrode the metals, and it is a difficult job to get all the paste off after a joint is made.

A REFLEX WHISTLE

If the crystal is dead or out of adjustment it will be quite difficult to make a Neutreflex work properly. This part of the equipment is one of its most important features. Usually a sure sign is that the vacuum tube oscillates causing whistles in the head receivers or loud speakers.

WHY YOU GET POOR RECEPTION

Loss of energy in a radio instrument is generally caused by leakage, resistance, or absorption. Leakage may result from poor insulating material, resistance from a poor contact; absorption usually takes place in the insulating material. A low-loss instrument conserves energy.

BROKEN HEAD PHONES

A broken wire in either the head receiver or in an audio transformer will make either instrument absolutely worthless, and it is a hopeless task to try to fix them. Both instruments have many miles of wire on them, and you will never be able to get the wire back on in the way it came off.

WHEN YOUR AERIAL SWINGS

Because swinging aerials have a tendency to change incoming signals and wave lengths, it is well to remember that when erecting aerials a strongly built one will be free from vibration, and is to a very great extent much more effective than one which is loosely put up and which will swing with every puff of wind.

NEVER USE THREE STAGES OF RADIO

The third stage of radio frequency is a thing to avoid unless you have plenty of time to spend in experimental work. The amplification is so tremendous between the detector and the second stage that the addition of their third stage usually gives nothing but a gigantic howl. It is true that some builders have succeeded in adding this tube, but in nine cases out of ten all of the additional work has gone for nothing.

TROUBLE HUNTING

If your transformer don't work the last part of the amplifier circuit is not functioning. Look for a spring in the jack of the last tube, which is undoubtedly not making contact. The primary or secondary of the last transformer may be burned out, but it is more likely that the trouble will be located in the jack. Take the transformer you now have on the last stage and try it on the first stage to see if it is defective.

STANDARDIZATION OF B BATTERIES

The Battery Standard Committee of the radio section of the Associated Manufacturers of Electrical Supplies, under the direction of the committee chairman, C. E. Furness, is now engaged in standardization or simplification work that is destined to have important consequences in the development of the art. The committee is classifying B batteries with a view to fixing standard sizes and dimensions. This will enable manufacturers of self-contained sets to build standard sized compartments, so that the user of the set may install whatever make of battery he prefers. Vertical batteries are apparently favored for universal use in self-contained sets. The committee, therefore, is fixing standard locations for terminals on batteries of this type. When this is accomplished, the manufacturer can cut his wires to the exact length needed, so that the battery cannot be wired to the wrong polarity.

WATER- AND STEAM-PIPE GROUNDS

There is a very decided difference in the relative efficiency of a water-pipe ground and a steam-pipe ground. Both connections terminate in the ground, but the conductors themselves vary in resistance. The variation in resistance is due to the joints and connections in the pipe-line. Corrosion between the joints and the use of paint or white lead on the threads before the joints are screwed together, all tend to increase the resistance of steam-pipe lines to a greater extent than the water-pipe lines. It has been found by actual experimentation that a steam-pipe line will have from 4 to 13 ohms more direct-current resistance than a cold-water pipe system, and this resistance value is still further increased when high-frequency radio currents are dealt with.

AUDIO TRANSFORMER TROUBLES

Many are the troubles that have resulted from improperly connected primaries and secondaries of audio-frequency transformers. It has been computed that the average percentage of decrease in receiver efficiency for improperly connected connected transformers is about 70 per cent. The iron core is wrapped with insulating material upon which is wound the primary; then more insulation, and on top of this, the secondary is wound. The outside or top lead of the secondary coil should be connected to the grid of one tube, while the outside of the primary is connected to the plate of the preceding tube. Most manufacturers mark the posts of their transformers so the user may avoid wrong connections. Any alternating energy flowing through the primary must be transformed or induced into the secondary at its maximum efficiency for best results. The purpose of the audio-frequency transformer is to provide voltage amplification. The high potential or high voltage end of each winding is at the top or outside leads. Therefore, if the connecting leads to either coil be reversed, the high potential which should be fed to the grid will be passed to the filament side of the tube, resulting in a drop in amplification.

GOOD READING

DIVER'S SAFE FALL

Harry Wright, twenty-eight, building cleaner, fell five stories from the side of a Chicago skyscraper when he lost his balance, but landed on his feet and suffered no worse injuries than two broken ankles and a dislocated right arm. Write explained that he was a champion diver when he was in the navy and when he fell he was able to balance himself in such a way that he "landed right side up."

TREMENDOUS DEATH RATE

It is estimated that 35,000,000 people die throughout the world annually, and that 70,000,000 are sick. In the United States there are about 1,500,000 deaths a year. Sanitary science has demonstrated that at least one-quarter of these deaths could be postponed, and that 40 per cent. of the sickness could be averted. The leading nations of the world are making a united effort to raise the standard of sanitation and to stamp out disease.

THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving Day in the United States is an annual festival of thanksgiving for the mercies of the closing year. Practically it is a national harvest festival, fixed by proclamation of the President and the Governors of the States, and ranks as a legal holiday. In 1789 the Episcopal Church formally recognized the civil government's authority to appoint such a feast. The earliest harvest thanksgiving in what is now the United States was kept by the Pilgrims in Plymouth in 1621. Congress recommended days of thanksgiving annually during the Revolution and in 1784 for the return of peace, as did President Madison in 1815. Washington appointed such a day in 1789, after the adoption of the Constitution, and in 1795 for the general benefits and welfare of the nation. Since 1817 the festival was observed in New York, and since 1863 the Presidents have issued proclamations appointing the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving Day.

DOG AND CAT AMBULANCE

The first ambulance service of its kind in the world has been inaugurated by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, New York; which is now prepared to send for sick and injured dogs and cats, treat them at the society's hospital, Avenue A and Twenty-fourth street, and return them to their homes when cured.

In designing the new motor ambulance the curious fact came to light that ambulances for animals antedated those for human patients by two years. In 1867, one year after the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was founded, an ambulance was built and put in service for taking disabled horses from the streets. The first civilian ambulance ever em-

ployed in any city was at Bellevue in 1869, under the direction of Colonel Edward B. Dalton, who had been an army surgeon during the Civil War. It was he who first conceived the idea of applying to civil life the methods of transporting the sick and wounded developed during the war.

A LAW WITHOUT PRESIDENT'S SIGNATURE

Article 1, Section 7, Paragraph 2 of the Constitution of the United States is as follows: "Every bill which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate shall, before it becomes a law, be presented to the President of the United States; if he approves he shall sign it, but if he shall return it, with his objections, to the House in which it shall have originated, who shall enter the objections at large on their journal, and proceed to reconsider it. If after the reconsideration two-thirds of the House shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other House, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered; and if approved by two-thirds of the House shall become a law. But in all such cases the votes of both Houses shall be determined by yeas and nays, and the names of the persons voting for and against the bill shall be entered on the journal of each House respectively. If any bill shall not be returned by the President within 10 days (Sunday excepted) after it shall have been presented to him, the same shall be a law in like manner as if he had signed it, unless Congress by their adjournment prevent its return, in which case it shall not become a law."

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FROM ALL POINTS

CONCRETE TREES

Not wishing to mar the natural scenery of Woodland Park in Seattle, Wash., by ordinary chimneys for the camp stoves, the Park Board solved the problem by the erection of concrete imitations of trees. Sections of the bark were used to make plaster molds, into which the concrete was poured. The result was treelike chimneys twenty feet high, tall enough to mingle with the foliage. The color of the concrete was varied so as to match the dark brown of fir and cedar.

A NOVEL TIMEPIECE

There is in Paris a timepiece that stands almost twelve feet high and is composed entirely of bicycles or their component parts. The framework is a huge bicycle wheel, around which are arranged twelve ordinary sized wheels, all fitted with pneumatic tires. A rim within the large wheel bears the figures for the hours, the figures themselves being constructed of crank rods. The hands are made of steel tubing, which is used for the framework of bicycles. The minute strokes on the dial are small nickel-plated spokes. The top of the clock is an arrangement of twelve handle-bars. The clock strikes the hours and the quarters, bicycle bells, of course, making the chimes. The pendulum is made of a bicycle wheel and the pendulum rod of various parts of a bicycle frame. It is said that the clock, besides being a curiosity, is an excellent timepiece.

LIBERTY STATUE MADE A NATIONAL MONUMENT

The Statute of Liberty on Bedlow's Island is now a national monument, and its eleven-pointed, star-shaped base is a national park. Announcement of the new status was made recently by the Army Information Service on the basis of a proclamation issued nearly a month ago by President Coolidge.

The Presidential proclamation also designates as national monuments Castle Pinckney, on Shutes Folly Island, in the Cooper River, a mile from Charleston, S. C.; Fort Pulaski, Ga.; Fort Marion, St. Augustine, Fla., and Fort Matanzas, Fla. The

setting aside of these five monuments brings the total number to thirty-five. Although it was the impression of the Army Information Service that a civilian bureau would now administer the care of the statue, supervision of national monuments is divided among the Department of the Interior, the Department of Agriculture and the War Department, and the President's proclamation did not designate which would have control.

Mr. Coolidge's proclamation was based on an act of Congress of 1906. The statue is on Fort Wood, at present garrisoned by Company A of the Sixteenth Infantry. There also is located there the army radio base net for the handling of all army wireless in the Second Corps Area. So far as the local military authorities know, there is no intention to end the military uses of the reservation.

LAUGHS

Gerald—As it is to be a secret engagement it would not be wise for me to give you a ring at present. Geraldine—Oh, but I could wear it on the wrong hand.

He looked at the porcupine thoughtfully for quite a long time. "I wish I had that," he remarked at last. "What would you do with it?" his father asked. "Take it to school," he answered, promptly. "It would be a whole lot better than a bent pin, and I never did like our teacher, anyway."

Chicago Official—I have proof that you saw a man on the streets after one o'clock, and neglected to question him. Policeman—No, but I followed him, saw him enter a house, and five minutes after heard a shrill female voice giving him Hail Columbia for being out so late, and so I know he was a respectable citizen.

Editor—You say that Miss Fritz Smith is "as handsome as a picture." Why, a homelier girl—Reporter—Her father has just made \$7,000,000 in coal. Editor—Is that so? Then give her a paragraph; describe her parisian costume; say she was the belle of the occasion. I had lost track of her father.

"I give you my word, the next person who interrupts the proceedings," said the judge sternly, "will be expelled from the court-room and ordered home. "Hooray!" cried the prisoner. Then the judge pondered.

An American took an Englishman to a theatre. An actor in the farce, about to die, exclaimed: "Please, dear wife, don't bury me in Yonkers!" The Englishman turned to his friend and said: "I say, old chap, what are yonkers?"

"I wouldn't drink out of that cup," said little Johnnie to the well-dressed young stranger, "that's Bessie's cup, and she's very particular who drinks out of it." "Ah," said the young man as he drank the cup dry. "I feel honored to drink out of Bessie's cup. Bessie is your sister, isn't she?" "Not much! Bessie is my dog."

FROM EVERYWHERE

USING TOBACCO EIGHTY YEARS

The constant use of tobacco, both chewing and smoking, was hailed as a means to longevity by John Chase, eighty-nine, when he celebrated his birthday in Galesburg, Ill. He had smoked since he was nine, he said, and allowed that back in Putnam County, where he was born, "all the little boys and girls with whom I went to school in the country smoked and chewed."

KILLS COLLEGE STUDENT HE THINKS IS BURGLAR

Charles Sitler, 19 years old, college student and son of Daniel W. Sitler, a well-known lawyer of Mauch Chunk, Pa., was fatally shot by Daniel McGinley, night policeman of Mauch Chunk, when he was found by the officer in an areaway between a store and a library building.

According to McGinley, he found the young man in the areaway at 2 A. M., and, not recognizing him, ordered him out of the place. The response was a shot from a pistol, the officer returning the fire. The young man ran and fired again. In the exchange of shots a bullet penetrated Sitler's lung and he fell. He died in a hospital.

The Sitler family is prostrated by the tragedy. No explanation has been given for the young man's presence in the areaway. He bore a good reputation in the town.

U. S. BUYS PALACE FOR LEGATION AT PRAGUE

"Tribuna" reports that the Schoenborn Palace, in which the American Legation is quartered, has been bought by the American government from Richard Crane, American Minister to Czecho-Slovakia under President Wilson.

The palace is one of the oldest and most beautiful buildings of Prague, dating from the sixteenth century. Its former owner, Count Schoenborn, died a few months ago. The palace is noted for its magnificent garden, situated at the foot of the renowned Kinsky Garden, and offers a magnificent view of the whole of Prague.

Negotiations for the sale of the Schoenborn castle to the American government have been going on for some time, but purchase had been delayed owing to the question of payment of taxes, which, however, probably will be remitted by the Czecho-Slovakian government.

ANCIENTS MYSTIFIED BY STENO-GRAPHERS

The ancients appear to have regarded their shorthand writers as possessed of a faculty closely akin to magic. Ausonius, a poet of the fourth century, addressing a shorthand writer says:

"Your hand, of which the movement is hardly perceptible, flies over the waxy surface; and though my tongue runs over long phrases, you

fix my ideas on your tablets long before they are worded. I wish I could think as rapidly as you write! * * * Who has revealed to you what I was meditating? How many thefts does your hand make in my soul?"

There is no evidence to show that the speed of ancient shorthand writers was at all comparable with that of our own day. They wrote upon waxed tablets, and no specimen of their art appears to have been preserved. For centuries there was no shorthand in the world.

It was not received until 1588, when Dr. Timothy Bright, a Yorkshire parson, published a book, "Characterie; an Arte of Shorte, Swifte and Secrete Writing by Character." This system was simply a collection of arbitrary signs for a large number of common words; there was no attempt to provide a shorthand alphabet.

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ARTICLES OF INTEREST

HAIR MADE TO RING BELL

The fact that human hair stretches under moisture has been applied by the United States Lighthouse Service in the operation of the newest form of electric fog bell, which is made to ring automatically when the atmosphere reaches a certain degree of dampness.

A strand of several hundred hairs is stretched between two supports, and on the strand is a link. As the air gets moist, as in a fog, the hair stretches, the link is lowered and makes an electrical contact which starts a half-horse power motor. This operates the fog-bell striker.

As the fog disappears the strand of hair tightens, the link is raised and the fog-bell stops.

SINKS DEEPEST GAS WELL

After drilling for thirty months, engineers in charge of a test well at Longbridge, near Latrobe, Pa., struck gas at a depth of 7,428 feet, the deepest well in the world. The gas is flowing at the rate of 500,000 cubic feet a day. The engineers brought in a producer in the Oriskany sand at 6,822 feet in the same region several years ago. At that time the Oriskany sand was the deepest ever reached by a drill.

Work on the 7,428-foot well was started in 1922. At 7,000 feet the drill struck an exceptionally hard sand. Later the gas came in with such a rush that the drilling cable broke, dropping the drill to the bottom. An effort is being made to fish out the tools. The gas possesses a strong odor, like that of hydrogen sulphide, according to the engineers. The total cost of sinking the well was estimated at \$200,000.

LACE GROWS ON TREES

Lace grows on trees on the Isthmus of Panama, and the trees grow wild in the swamps. Captain L. W. Richards of the steamship *Norwalk* brought a fine sample, not merely as a curiosity, but to induce tests as to the probable utility of the plant or tree in this section.

When the bark of the limbs is stripped there are rolls of a filmy substance, of a texture very much like mosquito netting. The size of these layers increases with the size of the tree, the largest being about a foot in diameter. This fabric is strong and can be sewn without tearing. The natives use the stuff in making garments.

Captain Richards believes that by cultivation the tree may become very valuable, and if the lace layers cannot be enlarged some process may be perfected by which they can be joined into a fabric which will make the finest mosquito bar and may even serve for summer raiment.

GEESE THAT WEAR SHOES

Certain cities of Europe have been at one time or another famous for an odd reason, and that is for their geese, though there were other reasons for their fame.

Rome, according to an old story, was once saved by geese that cackled when invaders were climbing over the wall. The city of Strasburg is known all over the world for the flocks of geese

that are still to be seen there, and for the dish called "pates de foie gras," which the geese supply. But Vilna in Russia has the strangest story of all to tell about geese, for Vilna raises a great many geese for market, and it is the custom to drive them to Warsaw, many miles away. So, to make the geese more comfortable on their long journey, the farmers give them shoes.

It would be difficult to guess how these shoes are put on the geese with their funny three-cornered feet. Do the shoes have fingers and thumbs like mittens? Are they all in one piece like Western shoes? Are they sandals with a strap over the big toe? No, they are shoes made to fit the feet of the geese exactly, and the funny part of it is that the goose makes his own shoes. The farmer only helps.

First the farmer gets a barrel of tar, soft and sticky, and spreads it out over the ground in a small inclosure, right next to another, where the ground is covered with fine sand. Then he drives the geese through the tar and into the sand. The tar covers the feet comfortably without pinching anywhere, and the sand sticks to it. Presently it all becomes hard together, and the sand and tar boots are ready to go to Warsaw.

COP FOLLOWS TWO INTO DARK CELLAR

Delving like a mole in the darkness, Policeman Jerry Marino of the Old Slip station wormed his way through a three foot street ventilator at 38 Fulton street in search of two supposed bandits lurking somewhere ahead of him in the gloom. Jerry became involved in a maze of steam and water pipes, sustaining cuts and bruises requiring the attention of a hospital surgeon later, but finally managed, revolver in hand, to get into the cellar. There for several tense minutes the intrepid policeman played a silent game of watchful waiting with the fugitives, expecting each moment to have a shot fired at him from the darkness.

Finally his flashlight picked out one of the men, whose head protruded from behind a big wooden box. The man made a dash up the cellar stairs and got away by reaching the second floor of an adjoining building and stepping out on the elevated railway structure which skirts the building within easy stepping distance.

Undaunted, Marino continued his quest in the stygian gloom for the second man, whom he finally found crouching in a corner of the cellar. Taken to the Old Slip station this man gave his name as Emil La Rosa. He had no explanation to make of his reason for entering the building, which houses several jewelry concerns.

"I saw the two crawl down the ventilator while I was on post," Marino told the lieutenant in charge, "and so I followed them, figuring I could probably shoot as fast as they could if it came to a showdown."

La Rosa was locked up on a charge of attempted burglary.



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CHIEF NAMPUH'S TOMB IS BELIEVED FOUND

The tomb of the King Tut of Northwest Indians has been located, it is believed. An ancient Indian grave which may hold the remains of Chief Nampuh, Piute leader after whom the Idaho City of Nampa was named was located B. R. W. Limbert, whose explorations in the region, called Craters of the Moon, are accepted by scientists.

While in the district recently, Limbert found a flat rock upon which there was carved an arrow. Following the given direction, he found other rocks so marked. The end of the arrow trail was a huge mound of sandstones, with a flat one resting on top. This was engraved crudely with the figure of an Indian showing extra large feet and hands; also a circle, the death sign of the old Piute tribes.

The renowned chief, hero of a hundred wars with Western tribes and whites, is reputed to have had abnormally large feet and hands.

Although no excavations have been attempted the effort of the carver to indicate the large feet and hands leads the explorers to believe this spot marks the tomb of the chief.

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